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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

LIGHT AND LIFE

The sun of His wisdom lights a thousand worlds;
His merciful clouds all creatures hide.
A myriad destinies are fulfilled in His love;
The Voice of His law — how it strikes my heart.

MAY is the month of several Holy Days in this ancient land of India. On the 3rd of May all devotees of Gautama Buddha and the many impressed by his sublime philosophy will salute with gratitude the Master, truly a Man among men! In fact every spiritual aspirant, and especially every Indian, should take advantage of the triple festival on the Full Moon Day of the Hindu-Buddhist month of Vaishakha.

Buddhas are Light-Bearers — and the *Tathagata* Light is the highest, the most supernal of all lights. Buddha Gautama is an historical figure whose acts and achievements are authentic. Truth and not poetic imagination or license is enshrined in the verse quoted above. Sung by a Japanese Empress of the eighth century, Shotuku by name, the verse is meaningful.

Prince Siddhartha exchanged the royal garments for the Yellow Robe and the power of royal munificence for the Begging Bowl. These acts are symbols — He exchanged Life for Light. Renouncing His throne, His queen, His father and son and mundane duties, He rose superior to fate or *karma* and by the power of free-will conquered the one vital principle of Life and so became Master of Immortality.

Mortals enjoy and suffer in life and know not why or how. From birth to death men and women hold fast to the Wheel of Life, which turns ceaselessly. Burne-Jones has imparted a great lesson in his picture — the Wheel of Life turns, turns, turns, and on it are bound the rich and the

poor, the great and the small. *Karma* or destiny brings everyone to the top of life by the motion of the Wheel, which then, moving further, brings him down.

It is said that Life is a school and that all men are learning, most of them unconsciously, but a few, having evolved further, do so deliberately and consciously. This learning provides to man's senses, to his mind and to his heart the light to understand the life of joys and sorrows. Bodily eyes are organs of light, but each pair of eyes is different from all other pairs. All men are not clear-sighted. There are diseases of the eyes. Also, there are differences in quality and sensitiveness of perception — the painter sees, the poet visions, what the business man does not see and the scientist is not able to perceive. The light of the mind also brings to each different types of knowledge. Still more important is the light of the heart. We observe, we understand, we assimilate the workings and processes of life. The peasant and the prince, the scholar and the artist, observe with what light each possesses; they also understand and assimilate and grow albeit at a snail's speed. In most men and women life denies the power of light; the conflicts of life, the struggles of existence, continue to confuse till we are compelled to perceive the truth that the light of the soul within is superior to the three lights of heart-feelings, mind-thoughts and bodily perceptions. The three lights give us contact with mundane affairs, but worldly experiences baffle the heart, confuse the mind and fail to produce Wholeness or Holiness in the body.

When, turning away from the without — the Ocean of *Samsara* — we look inwards, we begin to glimpse the superior light of the human soul — the Thinker. We sense the existence of mystery and we seek the wisdom of the Inner Light. In the life of the Within we perceive the truth that there are Those who have solved the mystery. Lower lights represent different degrees of luminosity like candle light, the light of a kerosene lamp, electric light. But the higher Light of the Soul is a different kind of Light. It is not derivative; it is self-luminous. Scholars, scientists, philosophers, artists — these live by and radiate different degrees of light, but they are not able to enlighten life truly.

The human soul shines by its own light. It is the Man of Thought whose ideation is spiritual. The Wisdom of the Soul is one and the same, ever constant, and this constancy is its sublime power. That Wisdom is not of the past, the present, the future; it is of the Eternal Now. The Light of that Wisdom is called the *Tathagata* Light, the Light of the Illustrious Predecessors.

It is that Light which is the Sun of the Wisdom of the Buddha. It is

merciful and hides within all — the thief and the harlot, the violent and the wrathful. From within the Soul that Light makes possible the fulfilment of destiny. When the clear voice of *Dharma*, the Law, strikes the heart we become men of light, and master life with speed and strength.

Every Form of Life moves, making life more and more complex, and wonderful indeed is the diversity of the kingdoms of matter, which are made up of the Forms of Life. The urge of the Divine Will functions in the worlds of Life, but it is not possible for lower forms of Life, not even for a diamond, not even for a *pipala* tree, not even for a sacrificing cow, to develop Free Will and to become a Form of Light. It is man, the self-conscious being, the being conscious of himself, who can and should control and master the vital principle of Life and its myriad processes. Only a man can grow to be an Adept of the Good Law, the rare efflorescence of a civilization, and proceed to attain Buddhahood.

Man does not realize his grand privilege of having attained manhood because his sense of responsibility to Life is weak. It is not the religion of the temple and the church but the Religion of Responsibility which man must practise in order so to transform himself, as to become a Man of Light streaming it forth for the helping of his fellow men. There are inspiration and energy in the words of the Buddha; says the *Dhammapada*:—

> Difficult it is to obtain birth as a human being. Difficult it is to live the life of a man. Difficult it is to get to hear the True Law. Difficult it is to attain to Enlightenment. (ver. 182)

Difficult — yes; but impossible — no.
Thus Have I Heard.

SHRAVAKA

ON GROWING OLD

[ONCE again our esteemed contributor writes inspiring words which will charm all and encourage the aged. **Mr. Hugh I'A. Fausset** has done this time and again in our pages, which he has adorned ever since THE ARYAN PATH began publication. In this essay he advises all, but especially the aging, to feel the nearness of another world than this three-dimensional one created by our five un-co-ordinated senses. He advocates the injunction of *The Voice of the Silence* — "Accept the Woes of birth" and "Help Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance." To trust Nature is to enjoy the benison of Beauty, eternally young, ever joyous. Let us have the faith that Mr. Fausset has in the "ordered constancy of being" and in "the flame that burns unquenchably in the heart of life." — ED.]

THERE IS a German fairy story which has comforted me when I have been tempted to think that the wounds which tragic circumstance can inflict on the very young can never heal. In it a girl is asked to choose between a happy youth and a happy old age, and decides for a happy old age so that she shall at least have something better to look forward to.

Life does not usually present such simple alternatives and, outside fairy stories, the present is the only time of which we can be sure and which, joyously or sorrowfully, we can make our own. We seldom do so because our minds are set on the future, if we are young, and turn back on the past when we are old. But the idyllic futures we dream of are generally those which can never exist. The past to which we return is a dream too, though it may be a sad one.

But the girl in the fairy story had at least enough faith in life to believe that it always had something to give and that it could even keep its best gifts to the last. When a civilization is dying, as is our own, or is threatened with disaster for want of the wisdom which the old should infuse into it, the young are understandably sceptical of such a belief. Maturity, if they are to judge it by the reasoned disillusionment or the dull conformity of most of their elders, is less the crown of life than its withering. The pace, too, at which life is lived today and the general engrossment in its physical and material aspects encourage the view that age, with its slower rhythm, is synonymous with disability, and this despite the fact that people in many parts of the world live active lives longer than before. But such *longevity is valued less as an opportunity for new and more sensitive experiments in living than for prolonging the kind of life which habit has stereotyped.*

If to grow old is to learn to be active in contemplation as once we were

active in doing, it can be as rewarding an experience as growing up. For *to grow in knowledge of the inner world is no less satisfying than to extend our grasp over the outer.* Indeed its rewards are incomparably greater. Nor does contemplation deny the world of action and sensation. But it transforms our relation to that world and our vision of it. Above all it teaches us that we are born into life that we may learn to die into it. As long as we breathe, birth and death are never divided, strive as we do to force them apart. Spiritual death is, in different degrees, the measure of our success in separating them.

When life is at its physical spring, we are least inclined to do this. Youth with its gaiety and engaging abandon, if not borne on wings, carries on its back a quiver full of arrows, each a glinting possibility. Even the unfavoured of fortune have then a reserve of hope to draw upon and, though this hope may attach itself to some object in view, some enterprise of the moment, or some goal ahead, it is in essence the aura or effulgence of life's belief in itself. In Gabriel Marcel's words, it is the "fuel that keeps a life alight from day to day."

True hope is an inward assurance that life is endlessly creative, strong enough to outweigh its apparent defeats and failures. As we cease to be young, such hope has increasingly to stand the test of reflection. This it will fail to do unless we think so deeply into life that we reach to the very roots from which hope itself springs. If, for any reason, we turn our minds against life in reflecting upon it, whether we disguise this hostility as critical analysis or common-sense realism, we shall lose hope and at best have to fall back on some philosophy of endurance or defiance, or on a hedonism by which we try to console ourselves with pleasure for our loss of joy.

Beneath all such stratagems is a sense of having been cheated by life and so of the need to outwit an untrustworthy opponent. And this distrust reflects a recoil of thought from the embrace of life, when the transition from unconscious intimacy to conscious is necessary, if we are to enter freely into its heart. It is, basically, a failure in love. But to say this is not very helpful until we have really learnt what it means and what it costs to love. Love is always an absolute venture of faith, a total acceptance of every relative loss, including, it may be, the apparent loss of love itself, and, above all, of the determining ego which we assume ourselves to be.

This is a lot to ask of the mind when it first begins to reflect upon life and sees it bristling with hazards and riven with conflicts. The need to survive, to compete, to conquer, so easily overrides the need to love. And life itself seems to approve and exemplify this. For there is no human

impulse which cannot find its justification in the life of which we are a part and which mirrors what we are at any moment. The less partial we are, the more meaning will life disclose to us and the more convinced we shall be of the need to accept life, not only at the high pitch of ecstatic experience, but even when all zest for living seems to fail. Only so shall we grow deeper and deeper into the nature of being.

It is because so many people are deaf to the living pulse of growth, hearing only the mechanical drone of the wheels of change, that they feel betrayed by life, when the infidelity is in fact their own. The fact that age is so generally viewed only in its negative aspect as a lengthening shadow, cast by a sinking sun and drawing out to an end long anticipated with fear or resignation, shows how little the bounty of life is realized by those who have ceased to trust it. Gustav Holst, in his interpretation of the planets, named Saturn the planet of old age. As we listen to the music in which he expressed what Saturn meant to him, darkness deepens about us. Bound like sacrificial victims to the anvil of existence, we can only wait for the pitiless hammer of the years to intensify its striking power and deal us the final blow.

Saturn, so conceived, does, indeed, symbolize one aspect of old age, to which we can hardly fail to give due weight—the fatality, as it seems, of being tied to a body that is always reminding us, with the rose of Edmund Waller's lyric, "how small a part of time we share" with the beauty that blooms and fades in a day. But Saturn, as symbolical midwife of existence, is as much the planet of infancy as of old age. To be born is to plunge into mortality and so to die. Yet few weep or wring their hands over an infant's cradle. "I am but two days old," sings the infant of William Blake's lyric, and a thousand infants crying in the night do not contradict the truth that "joy is my name," a joy that declares life to be infinitely blissful in its essence, a joy whose victorious spirit can transform even a prison into a paradise.

It was the enraptured taste of this joy, when he was young, that made Wordsworth confident, even when time had chastened his instinctive response to it, that

> Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy.

Yet Wordsworth, it may be said, failed, at least partially, to live out the faith which he so confidently affirmed, succumbing in middle life to that *cramp of self-consciousness which is peculiarly the disease of the modern mind.*

Nature, as mother of our instinctive life, knows nothing of this cramp, being spontaneously obedient to the spirit which informs her. But the same spirit works in man to wake him from the blissful sleep of instinct to look his Mother in the face. And the face he sees when he wakes is no longer that of the Mother who smiles comfortingly on all his needs, but of the Sphinx who gazes through him into some vast beyond, impassively contemplating his puny and often perverse efforts to break from her arms and shape his own destiny.

Yet how can he break free when hers is the body in which he draws his breath from the cradle to the grave? However far his intelligence may carry him, however subtly he may analyze the elements of that body, which is also his own, any freedom which he may claim in defiance of the spirit which she so perfectly obeys will prove a worse bondage than the blind instinct which he would outgrow.

It is thus that Nature serves the growing soul in man, not only as a cherisher of life and joy, but also as a *mater dolorosa*, swaddling us in the sorrows of lack and loss, punishing us dispassionately for our transgressions of her law and teaching us at each stage of the incarnation, which we have received from her, the lesson which we most need to learn. *The less we are ready to learn, the harder do we find it to love her.* Yet the love that informs her sternest judgment no less than her radiantly rewarding smile has only one end in view, to temper our hearts and minds to affirm the joy which is the essence of her being and which is beyond both loss and gain, as we self-centredly measure them. Without this ageless joy, equally present in old and young and only waiting to be purely known, the heart of life would cease to beat. But when it shines in eyes, however old, eyes that tears have made transparent to life's deeper truth, the years fall away as destructive agents.

For the changeless beauty of this joy is not at war with time, whose artistry it needs to draw out its infinitely various and subtle graces. Some of these graces may seem to contradict each other, youth's ardour and impetuosity, for example, seeming to challenge the repose of age. But because they spring from the same timeless root, they grow together. The flame that burns unquenchably in the heart of life fulfils itself in the light of a loving awareness, and to deny the flame, in whatever small degree, is to dim the radiance of the light.

For there is no conflict in the heart of life, which is in perfect agreement with itself. This ordered constancy of being is the foundation of all trust and is reflected in every human loyalty. It persists through all the disconcerting phases and changes of existence and is revealed, too, in the

meeting of extremes which proves that time is not a line which carries us ever further from our source, but a circle, of which the circumference is always equidistant from its centre and along which we travel, in rising spirals, to discover our beginning in our end and our end in our beginning.

In all of us, of course, the tide of physical life imperceptibly turns and more and more we feel its ebb. But even when it flows most strongly, it contains within it intimations of the super-physical, which tell us that the body is less a dynamo of atomic or animal energy than an organ upon which the spirit can play an undying music, a new variation in each one of us of the song which the stars sing together in the ever-renewed and renewing dawn of creation. And if its first music is that of the singing senses and of limbs that leap and dance, its last may be of a wisdom which finds at the heart of all change and movement the peace of a perfect meaning, that redeems the apparent treachery of time.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

ALL other ages have a certain number of years appointed, how long every one continueth, but unto old age there are no determinate and certain times limited and prefixed, and therefore thou livest therein well and laudably, as long as thou canst execute thy office, discharge thy duty, and defend thine authority, and yet, nevertheless, to contemn death. And for this cause, it happeneth that old age is endued with greater courage and animosity than adolescency and youth is. And this is the cause that when the tyrant Peisistratus demanded of Solon how he durst be so bold, or wherein he reposed his trust, so wilfully and boldly to gainsay and disobey his proceedings: Solon answered him that he trusted to his old age, and that was it that made him full of courage, and gave him boldness to resist him; forasmuch as he with lawless force and monstrous tyranny had attempted to oppress the commonwealth miserably crushed through his unbridled and tyrannical invasions.

—CICERO

LEONTOCEPHALOS

[APPROPRIATELY we print in this issue the interesting article of **Shri Madhava Ashish,** for during this month many Hindus will celebrate the birthday of Nara-Sinha. Modern man, conscious only of some of the surface expressions of Nature's powers and priding himself on the precarious triumph over some of the visible material aspects of the manifested universe, can with profit take to the study of the symbolic representations of powers psychic and spiritual, hidden in Nature and in Man. The ancient symbols and emblems, myths and legends, carry within them profound truths. It is in the language of symbols that the Book of Nature is written. The symbols of the Man-Lion and the legendary lore surrounding the fourth *Avatara* of Vishnu contain profound lessons.

—ED.]

THE LION-HEADED ICON of Nara-Sinha, one of the *avataras* of Vishnu, is one of the many half-man, half-animal figures through which the ancient cultures symbolically expressed their perceptions of the natural and human powers loosely termed gods. Loosely, because they may represent anything from the most sublime Principle to organs of the human body or lunar asterisms seen as divine manifestations. Also, the same icon may, at different times, be construed to represent a particular manifest power and the transcendent source of all created things. By the Shaiva, for instance, Ganapati is often in practice relegated to the position of a *dwarapala,* Keeper of the Gate, while amongst the Ganapatya sect he represents the androgynous undifferentiated Supreme Deity by whom, out of whom and in whom exists all that is.

In spite of the serpentine Typhon, the horse-bodied Centaurs, the goat-hoofed Pan, the tailed and hooved Silenoi and a host of others, nearly all of whom represent the animal nature as the lower half of man, the Greeks, perhaps because of their supreme cult of the intellect and their view that the head is the most noble member of man, found the Egyptian and Asian concepts of animal-headed gods peculiarly uncouth and repellent. To the sensual and materialistic Romans who followed the Greeks, such figures were even less sympathetic, although animal forms of their gods were commonly used. It is curious, therefore, that the Mithraic cult, with its Indo-Iranian sources, spread all over Europe, wherever the Roman legions planted their standards, and closely rivalled Christianity in the competition for the allegiance of Europe while displaying as a symbol of its highest concept a lion-headed icon.

This figure is the erect lion-headed body of a man, sometimes with a lion's

claws or feet, often standing upon a globe and enwrapped by serpents; on his shoulders are wings and keys are in his hands. To the Mithraic worshipper he represented boundless time, the æon, Kronos, the origin of all things. "He was considered ineffable, bereft alike of name, sex and passion," says Cumont, in *The Mysteries of Mithra.*

There are, of course, rationalizations which explain away the uncouthness of the figures. Participants in the mystery plays of Greece and indeed in religious and magical ceremonies in many parts of the world, were wont to wear head masks of various wild animals, often thereby identifying themselves with the god so represented. The connection of this with the practice of calling an animal's face a mask is obvious. War helmets were decorated with spoils of the chase and served the purposes of a cognizance, a proof of prowess and an intimidation. Heracles, it is said, after killing the Nemæan lion and skinning it with its own claws, made for himself an invulnerable armour of its pelt and a crest of its head. But, however good such explanations may be, they leave out of account any question of why the animal form of the god, or the man dressed in the animal form of the god, should excite anything but ridicule or fear and should be chosen to represent the Supreme Being. This is especially curious as we are here dealing with the beliefs of cultured races and not with the sympathetic magic of savages.

Out of the many lines along which such animal symbolism may be pursued, one is with reference to the zodiacal circle or circle of animals (*zoon*, the same word from which comes "zoo.") The zodiacal circle, or, rather, ecliptic, is the apparent yearly path of the sun through the stars. Those constellations which fall on his path have from antiquity been allotted to twelve equal parts of the circle, making the twelve months of the year. Each of these parts has a sign said to have been suggested by the shape of the constellation it encloses, and of these signs seven are the forms of animals. The identification of any one constellation with its particular sign depends on man's ability to perceive patterns in the otherwise random matrix of stars; a feat which he achieves by the psychological projection of images which lie within his own inner consciousness. Whether such projections are the products of private fantasy or expressions of archetypal truths depends on the extent to which he knows his true self. The fact that what we know as the Chaldean zodiac, whose patterns we have to learn to see in the stars, has been so widely adopted is proof that it is an adequate symbol of the nature of the psyche of at least a very large proportion of mankind.

Because, from a heliocentric viewpoint, the axis of the earth is tilted in

relation to the axis of its path round the sun, the sun, seen from the earth, appears to move north and south of the equator during the year. The movement of the zodiacal circle, wobbling like a crookedly fitted tyre on a wheel, is likened to the wriggling of a snake. This is one of the serpents associated by symbolism with the measurement of time.

The same tilt makes the axis of the earth describe a circle about the axis of the zodiacal circle once in about 25,800 years, which accounts for the shifting of the pole star. This number, or a symbolic approximation of it (25,920), is the basis of all the Hindu calculations of *yugas* and *kalpas* and embodies the concept of the Greek æon. The line of the axis of the zodiac is unmarked by any star and is hidden somewhere within the folds of the constellation of Draco, the mysterious serpent-dragon of the northern skies, another of the symbolic serpents that wrap about the symbol of eternity as *Adishesha* does Narayana.

Where the circle of the earth's equator intersects the circle of the zodiac are the points of the spring and autumnal equinoxes. These two circles move in relation to each other owing to the circling of the axis of the earth and the points of intersection move accordingly. This movement of the equinoctial points around the zodiacal circle, at the rate of about one degree every seventy years, has been used as a measure of time throughout the ages.

The zodiacal circle thus represents the circle of time, the *kalachakra,* ruled over by the *kalapurusha,* who may be called by any number of different names, Narayana, Vishnu, Hari, Sri Krishna, who are all bearers of the discus (*chakradharas*), more properly bearers of the circle of time, and of whom the bazaar calendar pictures of effeminate boys twirling circles of tinsel on their fingers are ludicrous travesties. "Prajapati is the year," say the Upanishads. The lion or tiger is the lord of beasts, and thus represents the lord of the circle of beasts. He who dresses himself in the lion's skin or the lion's mask thereby identifies himself with him who is lord of the circle, the *kalapurusha.* This may be Shiva, as the lord of beasts (*Pashupati*), wearing the tiger's skin and entwined with serpents; or it may be the lion-headed (leontocephalos) Æon of the Mithraists; or the lion-headed Nara-Sinha, the *avatara* of Vishnu; or the Greek Heracles, in his crest and skin of the Nemæan Lion, whose labours can be made to symbolize the conquering of the powers of the zodiac; or Rudra, whose roaring has been likened to other beasts' besides the lion's and refers to the audible sound of the cosmos; or Orion the Hunter who is identified with the *kalapurusha* and whose star-form coincides with the constellation *Mrigashiras,* which word is as well translateable by "the lion-headed," as

by the more usual "head of the deer." The primary meaning of *mriga* is a four-footed beast, and it is used to denote, among other things, the two wild beasts of the zodiac, Capricornus (*Makara*) and Leo (*Sinha*).

The erect lion-headed figure of the Mithraic Æon with the signs of the zodiac, constellations and seasons marked on his body thus represents the axis or *stambha*, the eternal support of all things, around which the whole universe, and this geocentric system in particular, revolves. He is, however, the axis of the zodiacal circle and not the axis of the earth, which latter represents the false centre around which we, as individuals, have integrated our empirical selves, as against the unmoving centre of eternity that is the same in all men. The Mithraic initiate, we learn, if offered a wreath or crown, would thrust it from him or place it on his shoulder, showing thereby his knowledge that the true centre of man, like the true centre of the universe, is, like man's physical heart and the zodiacal centre, offset from the physical centre and the terrestrial axis.

We, however, rotate about our own egocentres and, given the opportunity and sufficient ambition, like so many of the legendary *tapaswis*, we "move heaven and earth" until as much as possible of our surroundings is made to rotate about us. The story of Hiranyakashipu, for instance, as told by the *Bhagavata*, can be interpreted to mean just this, and his fate at the hands of Nara-Sinha the Lion-headed, who is born out of the *stambha*, is precisely what happens to all who seek to usurp the power of the Eternal and exploit it for their own ends: they are destroyed by the power of Time operating through their instinctive animal nature.

In another line of symbolism we are bound by the *naga-pasha*, the girdle of the serpent of the zodiac, who is at the mercy only of Garuda, the wheeling eagle, the *vahana* (vehicle) of Vishnu, who, from the top of his golden pillar, the axis of time, the *stambha*, sees all things as they really are.

The Lord of the Circle of Time has two aspects, bound and free. Bound, He represents the divinity within man, manifest in time, snared within the web of the net of His own weaving. Free, he is the transcendent, unmanifest, eternal and unitary Being beyond all name and form.

When, in the account in the *Vishnu Purana*, Prahlada was bound by the *naga-pasha*, he escaped by identifying himself with Vishnu, and we too, like him, and like the Mithraic worshippers of old in their cave-like Mithraea at Londinium, throughout Europe and Iran and in Indian temples, may learn thus, in the words of the Orphic tablet, how to "escape from the circle, the weary, the misery-laden."

MADHAVA ASHISH

THE CULT OF LOURDES: 1858–1958

[IN THIS informative article **Mr. George Godwin** examines the cures of bodily diseases which take place at Lourdes. That they occur because of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church is a superstition. Such cures take place in many places considered holy by the Hindus; also at many Muslim shrines. The rational explanation is available to any intelligent person who cares to study the nature and power of Faith, which "is a quality endowed with a most potent creative power," says H. P. Blavatsky. Faith-healing manifests through several ways and a proper study of Faith, Will and Imagination unveils the "mystery" of Lourdes. The age of miracles never existed and does not exist now. —ED.]

A CENTURY AGO the little town of Lourdes, with a population of ten thousand, was unknown to the outside world. Standing on the site of a Roman camp at the foot of a high Massabielle rock, upon a plain the southern horizon of which embraces the foothills of the Hautes Pyrênées, Lourdes has, in a century, acquired world-wide fame.

How, then, has it come about that in this, the centenary year, six million pilgrims will come from all parts of Christendom to this little town; that the second largest church in the world is here under construction; that an intangible agent has brought world-wide fame and great wealth and prosperity to the town and townspeople?

In a single word, the answer is *faith;* the faith that can bring about the alleged cure of disease by divine intervention.

Of all man's persistent primitive beliefs, this, that divine aid for the sick is to be secured by appropriate mental and emotional approach to the god, demi-god, deified mortal or thaumaturgic agent, is the most universal. For a cult to persist with so great a vitality, there must surely be some basis of spiritual or psychological truth. A survey of faith-healing through the ages shows clearly that the cult springs from a deep-seated and universal need.

The cult of Lourdes has its source in a supernatural event alleged to have taken place by the now famous grotto, whose waters thereafter acquired miraculous healing properties, due to the intervention of the Virgin Mary during her appearance to a little girl.

Consider for a moment what is involved in the cult of faith-healing. It involves two vast assumptions. First, that God, the Prime Mover—what you will—is directly concerned with human destiny; secondly, that as reward for a faith, sublime and absolute, He will set aside the mechanism of the physical world, abrogate established universal laws and permit

exceptions to them.

Here, there should be entered a *caveat*. The fact that external forms of faith are seen to have been designed to fit the idea of an intervening deity, or supernatural agency, is no adequate reason for dismissing faith itself as an instrument for physical and mental cure or regeneration. The very approach to the physician implies faith; and there can be few more dramatic examples of pure faith than the total surrender of the sufferer to the surgeon.

In this sense, all healing is faith-healing. Faith, indeed, is a reality the power of which is yet to be measured. As Charcot, the father of modern psychology, observed: *C'est la foi qui guerit.*

So it would appear to come to this: either the gods, the demiurges and saints possess power to set aside natural law as the reward for acts of faith, or the phenomena of the cult of faith-healing through the ages can be made to fit a rational hypothesis—in a word, that the operative factor in the cure is the faith of the suppliant; and the change in the physical or mental condition the result of processes purely subjective and without any sort of reference to the supernatural or miraculous.

For the miraculous cures claimed for the grotto shrine of Lourdes, it is argued that there is a distinction between Christian faith-healing and other sorts. This is merely preference for one sort of means against another. On the evidence it is difficult to escape the conclusion that these cults are not many, but one, and that the miraculous cures claimed for Lourdes are in the direct line of descent from the cures of the thaumaturges, the medicine men, the medical priests and the Juju men of other times.

The issue is a plain one. If diseases are cured by the pilgrimages to shrines such as Lourdes, are such cures due to causes within the frame of natural law, as it is known to science and psychology, or are they to be explained only by reference to some supernatural agency which has power to set aside those laws?

If one is to adopt the position of the believer in miraculous cures it is necessary to accept the following proposition, namely, God, or some other supernatural Being, in response to the prayer of faith and the symbolic act, causes, in a few randomly selected cases, malignant tumours to vanish, perished nerves to quicken and minds deranged to become sane again.

Let us look at the events which resulted in this truly amazing modern cult.

Up to the year 1858 Lourdes was a commonplace little provincial town of no importance. Since then Lourdes has been transformed into a thriving

community revolving about a single activity—the service of the multitudes that yearly visit the famous grotto. It is a town of hotels, pensions, lodging houses; of shops displaying every kind of religious souvenir, from mechanical lighters engraved with pictures of Our Lady of Lourdes, to ladies' handbags similarly adorned.

Clearly, it would be to nobody's advantage today for either the Roman Catholic Church or the people of Lourdes to question the authenticity of the strange story told by little Bernadette Soubirous or declare it to be the pitiable hallucinations of an hysterical little girl; but it would be economic ruin for many were her cult to be discredited, her story disproved.

It was while with two little companions looking for firewood and bones that Bernadette reported the vision of a "white lady" by the grotto. Seventeen times, or thereabouts—there are several versions—the child was visited by this apparition. Her account of these visions was circumstantial and clear, nor was she shaken by many civic and ecclesiastical interrogations. The vision had been plain to see and had also spoken to her, conveniently, in the local dialect, saying: *Que soy l'Immacule Conception.*

It has been suggested that no child could have invented that, since she would not understand the words. But this is to overlook the circumstance that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception had but recently been promulgated by Pius IV, and had been the theme of the local Curé's sermons. The Curé himself, M. Peryramale, was at first among those who did not believe Bernadette; but later he became converted.

Soon after her telling of the vision, and of the magic spring, the first "miracle" was reported. A workman who had been blind, or suffering from some visual defect, reported himself cured after laving his eyes in the grotto spring. Out of these two events has developed in the century the most astonishing faith-healing cult of modern times.

Two questions at once suggest themselves. First, does the evidence of little Bernadette justify belief in the reality of her visions; secondly, has the cult been subsequently justified by authenticated miraculous cures?

The visions of little Bernadette are phenomena well within the range of things known and understood without reference to the supernatural. The vision was visible to Bernadette, but invisible to her little companions and to all others who accompanied her on later occasions. From this circumstance it is fair to conclude that the vision had no objective reality but was a projection of the child's mind. Such manifestations occur most frequently about the time of puberty, and there are many examples, both in history and in the case-books of medicine. Joan of Arc, tending her

father's sheep in the lush meadows of Domremy, heard voices heard by nobody else. Bernadette's voice told her to seek a magic spring: Joan's voice convinced her of her mission to lead the French to victory against the English.

We know a certain amount about Bernadette, a good deal more than can ever be known of Joan through the mists of time. She was the child of poor and almost outlawed parents, for her father, a miller's labourer, had been the subject of a criminal charge and the family had sunk into the depths of poverty. Bernadette was a delicate child and "peculiar." The French have an expression for the type. They say: *C'est une originale,* meaning thereby to imply some degree of mental aberration. Bernadette often sank into deep sleeps, she was often hungry, she was sometimes beaten. Her ecstasies at the grotto, along with other symptoms, suggest a defective nervous system and a condition of hysteria. So much for Bernadette, who started the whole astonishing business unawares.

What, then, of the record of the miraculous?

Numerous cures of a miraculous kind have been claimed for Lourdes. The power of suggestion, inherent in the psychic pattern of a great concourse of people under such conditions as those which characterize Lourdes, may well be greater than the sum of its parts and potent to effect changes on the physical plane beyond the capacity of any one suppliant. Here may be hidden psychic laws not yet fully understood; what Emile Zola refers to in his examination of Lourdes as "the unknown force that emanates from crowds in an acute crisis of faith."

The psychologist Pierre Janet, after visiting Lourdes, wrote:—

> The practices that have been recognized as contributing to the realization of a miracle, the long pilgrimages, the prolonged waits, the marvellous stories, the religious exaltation, the public meetings, the emotion caused by the marvellous and the terrible, all are assured causes for great psychic disturbances. More recently, indeed, studies of a somewhat special psychological fact, the phenomenon of suggestion, have come to show that in certain cases, by means of definitely psychological procedure, there could be brought about certain events quite comparable to those seen in the "miraculous" cures.

In the early days of the cult a panel of medical men was set up: the *Bureau des Constations,* to examine into and report on cases of alleged miraculous cures. A number of these were authenticated by this Bureau.

The procedure is as follows. The pilgrim presents himself or herself to the Bureau for diagnosis. The sufferer states the nature of the disease on arrival and invites medical confirmation of cure. If the condition of the

pilgrim suggests an unaccountable change in condition, the details are recorded and the pilgrim reports back the following year. The case is then reconsidered by the Bureau. If the condition is one that suggests a change not to be accounted for by known medical techniques, a dossier is prepared and submitted to the International Lourdes Medical Commission. If this body, on which medical men serve, consider the case made out, they make their recommendation for authentication of the miracle to the Ecclesiastical Commission.

The Bureau was reconstituted in 1946, and its procedures were made more scientific; since then the number of alleged miraculous cures has fallen to so low a figure as twelve!

An English medical man, Dr. D. J. West, recently published the results of an investigation made by himself of some of these alleged miracles. And he found, as others before him have, a certain laxity in the procedures for determining in the first place the existence of the disease which is later claimed to have been miraculously cured at the grotto.

Dr. West has this to say of his investigation:—

> After having examined all the dossiers the puzzle that stands out in my mind is psychological and not medical. How can scientific men indulge in such farcical rationalizations? What is the point of bolstering up weak evidence by glossing over unwelcome points and making authoritative pronouncements of doubtful validity? Why does the International Lourdes Medical Commission, a collection of undoubted experts, behave with the efficiency of a rubber stamp? The Catholic doctors concerned are surely damaging the religious cause they intend to support.

Things undoubtedly happen at Lourdes and elsewhere. The question is: What causes these things to happen? The answer suggested here is that every alleged faith-cure ever effected at Lourdes, or anywhere else, is amenable to a rational explanation. The evidence for the miraculous hypothesis everywhere breaks down completely. Faith-healing is, in fact, a form of psychotherapy; but it is psychotherapy applied by those who have no knowledge of the principles and the practices of priests at magic grottos and shrines, or by groping lay practitioners who stand on the verge of that vast uncharted realm, man's unconscious mind.

At the grotto at Lourdes there are hundreds of crutches offered as evidence of past miracles wrought at the famous shrine. Is it not significant that there are no wooden legs?

GEORGE GODWIN

THE TREND OF CONTEMPORARY PSYCHOLOGY

[**Professor P. S. Naidu,** Head of the Research Department of the Vidya Bhavan in Udaipur, who is the author of three books on psychology and one on æsthetics, here traces suggestively the line of development of Western psychology. He sees grounds for hope that studies in the borderland of parapsychology, still frowned upon by the "ultra-scientific" psychologists, will help restore to the psychology of the West the concept of the "Soul" or the "Self." The psychologists of the West have much to learn to their profit and many a priceless hint to gain from the psychological science of the ancient East, and especially of India. The Enlightened One, Gautama the Buddha, may well be regarded as the Master Psychologist. In days of old psychology served as the unavoidable basis for physiology. Modern knowledge has taken physiology as the basis for psychology. Hatha Yoga without Raja Yoga is fatal to human health and sanity; as a well-understood projection of Raja Yoga there is much to be learnt in the true Hatha Yoga system. — ED.]

"PSYCHOLOGY first lost its soul, then its mind and then its consciousness; it has now behaviour of a kind." That is how a gifted critic of the modern trends in contemporary psychology sums up the position at the moment in this youngest of the Western sciences. Though his statement may seem an undeserved gibe, there is a great deal of truth in it.

Time was when the psychologist, even in Europe, was seriously concerned with the soul. The ancient Greek thinkers, the founders of great philosophic systems and acute dialecticians, were engaged in the serious study of the soul. Much later, after it developed an ultra-rationalistic and scientific temper, the Western mind came to associate such a study with theology, and it went out of fashion among intellectuals. So the first climb down was made from soul to mind and the study of its faculties.

But, even here, the scientific-minded investigator found far too many phenomena that could not be handled with the objective tools of science. Hence, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, it was felt that "consciousness" alone could be the fit subject of study by the earnest seeker after truth in the field of human nature. But even "consciousness" cannot be explored, investigated, tested and weighed in the laboratory. The method employed for unravelling the mysteries of consciousness was introspection. But what can introspection reveal except what goes on in the mind of the introspector himself? I cannot look into your mind, and you cannot look into mine. Objectivity, precision and clarity—the prime

requisites of scientific investigation—are lacking in introspection. Hence scientific psychologists decided to rule out even consciousness from their field of investigation.

When these successive eliminations had been made, what was left as the subject of investigation by the psychologist was "behaviour." Here at last was something which could be handled by the experimental methods of the scientist. Behaviour can be controlled and studied in the laboratory in much the same way as the physical scientist or the biologist studies his chosen field of nature. And, based on this experimental approach, a systematic theory of human nature, called Behaviourism, was built up. Like his counterparts in the physical and biological fields, the Behaviourist decided to ignore all intangibles. "*The imperceptible is non-existent*" is the motto of this group of objective scientists. All that is imperceptible in human nature was to be ignored. Soul, mind and consciousness; thinking, reasoning and imagination; and such other terms as psychologists are fond of using to connote so-called mental experiences, were henceforth to be completely ruled out. In other words psychology should concern itself with the study of behaviour and in particular with bodily behaviour. From this methodological requirement there soon emerged a theory of human nature which identified man with his body, and spoke of him as a highly complicated machine with the nervous system as its mainspring. At present we know little about this mainspring. When our knowledge of the brain and other parts of the nervous system is complete, we can explain every act of human beings, from the lowest act of scratching an itch to the highest act of self-sacrifice, in terms of the working of the nervous system. Thus there arose the ultra-rationalistic system of psychology known as Behaviourism.

Despite its attractive neatness and concreteness, Behaviourism was soon found to be inadequate as a science of human nature. The humblest of living creatures, namely, an insect, displays powers which the most perfect machine lacks. Living creatures are purposive, goal-seeking and forward-looking in their behaviour, while a machine is deterministic, backward-looking and completely controlled by the chain of causal sequence. Western psychologists soon realized the utter inadequacy of Behaviourism, which is superficial even in its treatment of the bodily aspect of behaviour.

There came into existence a whole group of depth psychologies which tried to probe into the deeper aspects of human nature. McDougall, Freud, Adler and Jung were the pioneers in the field. McDougall drew attention to the *motives* behind bodily behaviour and established beyond

doubt the powerful influence of instincts and emotions on the activities of human beings. He it was who made us see that underneath the thin crust of reason there lay the powerful dynamic springs of human action, the *instincts and emotions*, which really controlled our personality. But he confined himself to the study of *conscious* springs of action. Freud and his colleagues, who were investigating the complicated factors in abnormal human behaviour, plunged into the deep hidden recesses of the mind, and uncovered the *Unconscious*, and demonstrated its irresistible power in shaping human destinies.

Such then was the line of development in Western psychology—from the body to the mind, and from the Conscious to the Sub-conscious and Unconscious. And in this we can see the struggle of the West to understand man and the mysteries of his mind, and to grasp the significance of his total personality. To supplement the endeavours of those psychologists, there soon arose a vigorous school in Germany, the Gestalt School, which scorned the method of analysis, blamed all the other schools for their atomistic, pulverizing attitude towards human nature, and insisted on treating man as a whole, as a total personality, comprising even the environment in which this personality developed. This indeed was a welcome revolution in psychology. Apart from these major schools of psychology, there are others, all of which seem to be engaged in the laudable task of understanding human nature in all its intricacies. Taking a bird's-eye view of the evolution of Western psychology, we find that the schools, some of which claim to be the sole possessors of truth and hence are intolerant of the attitudes of other schools, are really complementary. Behaviourism deals with the body of man; Purposivism with the mind but only with the conscious part of it; Psychoanalysis and Analytical Psychology with the Sub-conscious and the Unconscious; and finally Gestalt psychology with man and his environment as integrated *gestalts*. It might seem as though these schools, taken severally and collectively, could deliver the goods, and that there was nothing in man that could be hidden from their searching scrutiny. The day of deliverance might seem to have dawned at last. Here is a science—rather, a group of sciences—which, by unravelling all the hidden secrets of man, will reveal to him what he really is, and enable him to reach the goal of life! But what do we find in the contemporary scene? A gory scene of insensate greeds, lusts and panic fears, of ferocious passions and brutalities of the uncultured masses ready to be fanned into a mighty conflagration by a chance spark. Man seems to be deaf to the agonized voice of history crying to him across the pages of its gory record! The advance of science has but tended to hasten the

pace of the intellect's progress. It has swelled man's head; it has made his hands more cunning; but it has not touched his heart. The cry of everyone (the scientist included) today is that the moral nature of man has lagged behind his intellect. The sciences have confessed their helplessness in the matter of bridging the gap between the values of Truth and of Goodness. And psychology, as it is studied and cultivated today, is equally helpless. Is there then no hope?

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and this time hope comes from the regions lying on the fringes of contemporary psychology, a region which the ultra-scientific psychologist will not touch with a barge-pole. It is the region of parapsychology. Since 1882 the Society for Psychic Research has been studying, with purely objective methods of experimentation, such unusual mental phenomena as hypnotism, thought transference, telepathy, telæsthesia, etc. Leading men of science and of the humanities of the calibre of Sir Oliver Lodge, and Professors Lehman, Henry Sidgwick, William James and McDougall have taken a leading part in the experiments, and they have come to the conclusion that there are dimensions of the human mind other than those which the academic psychologists dare believe in. In other words, these unorthodox experiments in psychology are steadily leading us to the conclusion that just as there are sub-conscious and unconscious levels of the mind, there exist also *super-conscious levels* of which modern psychology is ignorant. And be it noted that the startling phenomena which have shocked the conservative psychologist into a recognition of the *para-psychic* levels of the mind constitute the lowest levels of *yogic* experience. They are but child's play to the *yogi*.

This then is the line of development in Western psychology, a line which is very significant in that it points to the ancient Indian concept of Man as its crown and culmination. Psychology started with the study of the whole man, but soon, in the interests of scientific specialization and analysis, it pulverized man, and began casting out of its field those ingredients which were not amenable to study by strictly objective methods. Soul, mind and consciousness were thus cast out, till nothing was left but the empty skeleton. Finding such a strictly scientific psychology strictly useless and utterly incompetent to impart a knowledge of the essence of human nature, psychology started on the quest for a deeper understanding of man. In this quest, not only were mind and consciousness brought back, but a study of the hidden secrets of the Unconscious was also taken up. Alongside this there grew up another trend outside academic psychology towards the exploration of parapsychic psychol-

ogy. Taken together, these lines of development indicate a deep urge on the part of psychologists to understand the total personality of man, the "whole" of human nature, in fact, the true nature of the Self. There is a dim awareness that there is a super-conscious dimension of the Self, and that it holds the real secret of man's nature. But this dim awareness should develop into a clear and fully focused consciousness of the fact that psychology must restore the soul to the rightful sovereign position from which it was dethroned. Only then will psychology be competent to deal with man and his problems. And when that is done modern scientific psychology will be almost identical with psychology as we find it in the *Upanishads*, the *Gita* and the Samkhya and Yoga systems. It will not be an altogether incorrect reading of the signs of the times to say that Western psychologists are slowly finding their way towards the aims, purposes, methods and attitudes of psychological study as understood by our ancients.

P. S. NAIDU

THE FIRST PHILOSOPHERS, the original observers of life and nature, were the best; and I think only the Indians and the Greek naturalists, together with Spinoza, have been right on the chief issue, the relation of man and of his spirit to the universe. It is not unwillingness to be a disciple that prompts me to look beyond the modern scramble of philosophies: I should gladly learn of them all, if they had learned more of one another. Even as it is, I endeavour to retain the positive insight of each, reducing it to the scale of nature and keeping it in its place; thus I am a Platonist in logic and morals, and a transcendentalist in romantic soliloquy, when I choose to indulge in it. Nor is it necessary in being teachable by any master, to become eclectic. All these vistas give glimpses of the same wood, and a fair and true map of it must be drawn to a single scale, by one method of projection, and in one style of calligraphy. All known truth can be rendered in any language, although the accent and poetry of each may be incommunicable; and as I am content to write in English, although it was not my mother-tongue, and although in speculative matters I have not much sympathy with the English mind, so I am content to follow the European tradition in philosophy, little as I respect its rhetorical metaphysics, its humanism, and its worldliness.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA

THE SURVIVING SOUL AND ITS BODY

[**Mr. Joshua C. Gregory,** F.R.I.C., Retired Lecturer in Chemistry at the University of Leeds, has made a scholarly survey of Western thought on this subject through the centuries. So persistent and widespread is the belief that human consciousness survives bodily death that it may be said to be innate in man. The vesture of the discarnate soul, however, has been the subject of much speculation, as Mr. Gregory brings out here.

One way that he mentions whereby the human soul is believed to acquire a substantial body is reincarnation. He cites Dr. Parrinder's recent article affirming that this belief is widely held in Africa. In Asia countless millions have for ages accepted unquestioningly the alternation of embodied life and disembodied existence as an expression of the universal rhythm of periodicity, of sleeping and waking, action and reaction, cause and effect. Jesus identified John the Baptist as Elias, whose return was expected, and some Church Fathers, such as Origen and Synesius, accepted the pre-existence of the soul, of which reincarnation seems a logical corollary. It was only several centuries later that a Church Council at Constantinople anathematized the teaching of this doctrine of pre-existence and the "wonderful" idea of the return of the soul. Reincarnation has been called "the lost chord of Christianity."—ED.]

AT ONE time, Descartes records in the first of the *Meditations,* he connected walking, feeling and thinking with the soul, without dwelling on its nature. At times the soul did suggest to him "something extremely rare and subtle," like a "wind" or a "flame" or "a very volatile air insinuated and diffused throughout" his "more material parts." At one time his realization of himself as a thinking thing banished this vaporous notion of his soul.

When Teucer, behind the shield held by Ajax, shot his arrows (in Pope's translation of the *Iliad*), a "Trojan ghost" attended every shaft. "Ghost" suggests a shadowy vaporous being. The fierce soul of Hyperion, escaping through his sword-wound, suggests an air-like substance. Achilles, dreaming of the slain Patroclus, sees his spirit fly like a "thin smoke." Achilles, awake and musing, compares the "immortal mind" to an "Aërial semblance, and an empty Shade!" Odysseus at the mouth of Hades sees "Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts" stream "along the dusky" shores.

Thus to the early mind as Homer depicts it, and at first also for Descartes, the soul seems to have been a tenuous being.

The notion that the soul survives death, if not contemporaneous with

homo sapiens, is a very ancient belief. Homer, however inadvertently, narrates some importantly promotive experiences. Dreams of the dead, as when Achilles dreams of the slaughtered Patroclus, greatly contributed to the belief in surviving souls. Here and elsewhere Homer spreads through his verses the persistent, pervasive and primitive impression of a shadowy, tenuous after-life.

Though the soul seems thinly vaporous to the reflective Descartes, it does not normally so impress the average citizen. The body screens off this impression by giving the soul a "local habitation." When the soul flits away from the body at death it seems to reveal its shadowy self. The visual memory-image of the dead man, by contrasting its more shadowy being with the seen human body, may have helped to promote the apparent tenuousness of the departed soul. In any case the disembodied soul seemed to contrast its tenuity with the solidity of the corpse:—

> And though after my skin worms destroy
> this body, Yet in my flesh shall I see God....
>
> (*Job*, 19-26)

Job seems to expect the resurrection of his body. The Koran continually affirms the restoration of the body at the resurrection. On that day, runs one extra comment on the bare fact that the dead will flock out of their graves, they will seem to have tarried in the tomb longer than an evening or a morning. This suggests a quickening of the soul by its renewed local habitation in the revived body. The same feeling that the soul is a poor thing without its body appears in *Corinthians*, I: 15. Paul faced the sceptical query: "With what body do they come?" He had compared the dead body to the "bare grain" growing into wheat. As the sown seed must die to be quickened, so must the body. His analogy appears fallacious: a dead seed does not grow. He extends his argument, however, into a growth from a corruptible corpse to an incorruptible body. This spiritual body was an earnest of other attempts to provide a habitation for the unclad soul without offending reason by presuming the restoration of a decomposed corpse.

Muhammad later faced the same scepticism as recorded in the Koran. The same notions are discernible among each set of sceptics. The surviving soul must have a corporeal embodiment, but the dead body, in the words of the *Sura* entitled "The Ranks," has "turned to dust and bones." In the *Sura* called "Kaf" Muhammad aids sceptical frailty by analogy: as a "dead country" enlivened by rain, so "shall be the resurrection."

Well before Paul the surviving soul, without offending reason by entering a rehabilitated corpse, yet secured an actual body to clothe its shadowy

self. Er, in the Myth at the end of Plato's *Republic*, watches the souls, taking turns by lot, choosing their future lives. Orpheus decides to be a swan, and Agamemnon to be an eagle. Here Plato may have intended a touch of humour: each had had enough of women, Orpheus because the Thracian women tore him to pieces; and Agamemnon because his wife Clytemnestra murdered him. There is humour, intended or not, when Odysseus takes the last choice. He gropes for, and finds, lying neglected among the choices, the assignment of a quiet life.

Notions mingle in this myth, including a penalizing metempsychosis and the soul of the buffoon, Thersites, donning the body of an ape.

Reincarnation into human bodies still persists as a belief. It presents itself in human thought as an attempt to lodge the tenuously surviving soul in the "local habitation" of a human body without the resurrection of its decomposed corpse. The extension of metempsychosis to other than human bodies is the same essential notion of a corporeal refuge for the flimsy discarnate soul. This notion is discernible in the complex of concepts.

For the African today, Dr. Parrinder[1] reports, departed souls live coldly and unhappily in the dark, whether aloft in the sky or, as in Sheol or Hades, beneath the earth. Thus reincarnation is for "most Africans" an invigorating return to a "sunlit world." As many simples compounded the melancholy of Jaques, doubtless many ideas contributed to the notion of reincarnation. One of these clearly persists in Africa: the helpful homing of the feeble soul in a substantial body.

The Egyptian mummy was presumably intended to house the departed soul again. The final resurrection of the body affirmed in the Koran plainly intends this housing. Cebes, in the *Phædo*, notes an incredulity about survival because the soul, departing like air or smoke, may vanish into nothingness. The resurrection of the body eased this scepticism deriving from the persistent notion of tenuous, separated souls. Reincarnation, avoiding the disconcerting restoration of decayed bodies, provided new concrete dwellings for the weak, shadowy souls that seemed too feeble to exist in their own nakedness.

The weight of tradition impelled St. Augustine to insist on a body for the surviving immortal soul. This insistence runs through *The City of God*, from the thirteenth Book to the final one. St. Augustine wrote that Plato said that the soul could not always be without a body; and that Porphyry said that the incorporeal soul in bliss would finally never have one, though

[1] *The Hibbert Journal*, April 1957, Vol. LV, p. 265. "Varieties of Belief in Reincarnation," by E. G. PARRINDER.

after many reincarnations. So did St. Augustine understand them. Porphyry conflicted too violently with the traditional inadequacy of a bodiless soul; Plato suggested too strongly reincarnations in earthly bodies which were not meet for souls in bliss. Also some philosophers had explained that if the resurrected saints had heavy earthly bodies they would fall from heaven plump on to the earth. St. Augustine affirmed the doctrine of the spiritual body to meet this and other difficulties.

The corrupted parts of the corruptible body, St. Augustine explains, will be renewed into a body immortal, spiritual and incorruptible. This spiritualized body will not fall from heaven because it has no weight. The same quickening by spirit that removes the weight also removes the need to eat, though not the power. Infants will rise with what would have been their mature stature; the mature, with the stature attained. The substance of the corrupted body will be so quickened that any deformity will vanish. *Any* deformity: the fat will no longer be fat, nor the lean, lean. Cannibalism prompted a scornful query: would the quickened flesh belong to the eater or to the eaten? St. Augustine realizes the perplexity of a dead body restored, or spiritualized, from its corrupted remnants. In one place he takes comfort from the *genethliaci*, as recorded by Marcus Varro. According to these wizards the separated body and soul can be reunited after 440 years. Since the power of God is always in the background of St. Augustine's thought, when it is not explicitly invoked, this appeal to the wizards is significant. They held that the resurrection of the corrupted remnants can be credited. St. Augustine writes that, although he calls what they say "false," it stops "the mouth of...babblers" and makes a seeming "harmony between them concerning the resurrection of the flesh eternally."

So St. Augustine conforms to the tradition that the surviving soul is shadowy and helpless without a body. He confirms the immortality of that soul by lodging it in its earthly body spiritualized. The quickening of the scattered corrupted remnants remained a perplexity, a mystery, as the gathering again of the decomposed corpse had been for the sceptics in Paul's time, and was subsequently to be for those in the days of Muhammad.

Souls are "as substantial as matter itself": this statement by Ralph Cudworth,[2] in the seventeenth century, discards the traditional tenuous soul, as Porphyry had done. A sturdy substantial soul suggests no need of a body to secure its vigorous survival. The impact of this notion is

[2] *The True Intellectual System of the Universe.* Translated by JOHN HARRISON, 1845. Vol. I, p. xlvi.

discernible today, though the notion of embodied souls still widely conforms to an insistent tradition.

A wholly immaterial soul, occupying no space, seems to elude the conceptual grip of common sense. The extended soul was intelligible but incorporeal enough to require a corporeal body to house its shadowy being. The Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth century retained the extension and combined with it a corporealized incorporeality. This assessment is perceptible in their concept of the soul as an "extended incorporeal."

This version is intelligibly comparable to an idealized air. Milton's Satan, intentionally or inadvertently, corresponds to the "extended incorporeal" of Cambridge Platonism. When alarmed, and fixed as "Teneriff or Atlas," he stretches his stature to the sky. He shrinks this huge bulk to enter the toad or snake. The "extended incorporeal" can dilate vastly or contract to a point. Michael's sword can gash Satan without leaving a permanent wound, for his "etherial substance," like an "extended incorporeal," can be penetrated but not divided.

The air contracts or expands under varying temperature or pressure. An arm thrust through it does not permanently divide it. The "extended incorporeal" can also penetrate, as the air seeps through cracks. The aerial analogy, always helpful without being adequate, has another correspondence. Air under diminished pressure automatically expands; the "extended incorporeal" is self-active.

Air manifests its substantiality by opposing the press of the piston or in the devastating sweep of the hurricane. This aerial substantiality did not perpetuate the contractile, expansive, penetrative, indivisibly penetrable and self-active "extended incorporeal." Its one-time vogue does hint at a trend of thought favouring a soul virile enough to survive freely without a body. The hint is there though Cudworth[3] finally rests belief in immortality on God and not on the substantiality of souls.

In primitive communities souls tend to be thought of in greater or less degree, as still visiting members. Today they usually seem to be in non-communicative exile from their fellows. The ancient visits to Hades have no modern parallel in the main run of thought. In the earlier days of the Society for Psychical Research the hopes of communication with departed souls were often presumed to be realized. Today, though J. B. Rhine[4] thinks there are "good grounds for allowing the survival question to survive," the "survival hypothesis is in the most unpromising situation of

[3] *Ibid.*, Vol. 3, p. 452.

[4] *New World of the Mind*, pp. 265-66.

its history."

Caterpillars and butterflies live in very different worlds. The Bishop of Lancaster, in a letter to *The Sunday Times* (London, February 3rd, 1957), uses a geometrical analogy for the disparity between this life and the next that makes it impossible for Spiritualists, or presumably any other such experimenters, to pry into the life of the departed. A being in a two-dimensional world could not understand the conditions of three-dimensional existence. Analogously, the conditions of the after-life state are unintelligible to the still living. So the Bishop specifically denies the "possibility of communication with the departed." Such a disparity of conditions would seem to imply also a disparity of nature between the embodied and discarnate soul. This at least suggests an inversion of the persistent presumption that the surviving soul must have a body, into the problem of its existence in a body at any time. Earthly life seems only fitted to launch a soul into an enigma if the conditions before and after death are utterly disparate. The body, according to the bishop's principle, seems to straitjacket the soul.

Resurrection doctrines still defer to the soul's need of a body, however spiritualized. Reincarnation beliefs make the same concession. Though many notions mingle into doctrines about departed souls, the age-long presumption that they must have bodies patently persists. The welter of ideas includes the astral body or, in other contexts, the etheric double. These notions suggest variants of the concept of the spiritual body.

A soul substantial enough to exist unembodied seems to exist under conditions totally different from life in a body. Thomas Hobbes, during his expository course, imagines one man to survive the universal annihilation of things. His ideas and phantasms (mental images) derived from the vanished world would seem to him to be external beings. The plight of this perpetually deluded, isolated man can suggest the hapless fate of the soul surviving in utterly alien conditions. The provision of bodies, however conceived and whether at a final resurrection or not, establishes surviving souls in a more acceptable state. The body of Hobbes's survivor did not ward off delusion, but this need not distract attention from the mental comfort derived from embodying surviving souls.

Some philosophies submerge the soul, often after reincarnations, in an oversoul or substance. This submergence tends to shirk the surviving soul's need of a body by inflicting on it the fate of water thrown from a cup into the sea.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY

THE HAND OF MAN

[LIKE other Occult Arts Palmistry is misunderstood and maligned. Is there some reliable basis for its study and practice? **Mr. Noel Jaquin** offers a thoughtful article. He is the author of *The Hand of Man* and last year published *The Human Hand : The Living Symbol.* In the near future will appear another volume from his pen — *The Theory of Metaphysical Influence.* — ED.]

FROM the moment that evolutionary processes produced man on this earth he has been concerned with accumulating knowledge of his environment, and of the various living structures that inhabit his planet. Today he has a vast accumulation, about his world and his own physical structure. But his knowledge is mostly a knowledge of three-dimensional structure, he has little knowledge of the factors and the forces that have produced it.

Everything that we see is the three-dimensional expression of something unseen, from rocks and moss, from fish, to men; when dealing with man the significance of this fact begins to assume a special and particular importance. The endocrinologist tells us that it is no matter of mere chance that we have blue eyes or brown, that our hair is black or flaxen; these things betray something of the glandular pattern which is produced by the mental and emotional characteristics which we have "carried over."

Everything about us at the physical level is individualistic: no other person has quite the same hair or eyes; all fingerprints are different; and all hands are the personal symbols of the individual. It is the human hand which betrays the actual pattern, or soul, of the individual. The hands betray both the conscious and subconscious patterns: one is in the form and markings of the right hand, the other, of the left. You will rarely find the two hands of any individual exactly the same, because the active, conscious mind is a mind that has been developed and created by reaction to circumstances and experience, in the course of the present life-span. The subconscious, or the left hand, is the symbol of the experiences and reactions of probably many lives; so by comparing the two hands carefully one can detect the directional trend of the maturing character at this point in evolutionary progression. For example, if in the left hand we find that there is a wide space between the beginnings of the Head and Life lines (the Head line is the line that runs out from between thumb and first finger across the palm of the hand; the Life line is the line that runs down round the base of the thumb), this space indicates an innate restlessness, a tendency to be impatient and impulsive. And if we find in the right hand that these two lines are joined at their beginnings it

indicates that an element of cautiousness has been acquired. The innate impulsive tendency is under some rational control; the individual has learnt by experience that such active impulsive reactions do not pay.

Again we may find that in the left hand the Head line sweeps down in a curve towards the base of the palm, while in the right it is straight. A Head line that curves downwards indicates, by the degree of curvature, the degree of imagination; so if it is straight in the right hand it indicates that a more calculative and less imaginative process has been established in the conscious mind.

The second most important line in the hand is the Heart line, which begins under the first finger, or between the first finger and the second, and runs out to the edge of the hand beneath the little finger. This line indicates the type of the emotional pattern. If, for example, there is a deep space between the Heart line and the base of the fingers it is an indication of a sympathetic person; if the space is narrow then the sympathetic reactions are superficial.

If the Heart line is marked by a deep curve it indicates a quick and physical reaction sexually; if the Heart line is straight, then the sexual trends are basically mental rather than being purely physical. The space between the Head and the Heart lines betrays the general attitude of the individual to life, things and people. If this space is wide it indicates an extroverted attitude, an attitude that is generally not hampered or restricted by early acquired or conventionally inspired inhibitory processes. But when that space is narrow it betrays a marked introspective attitude. Such people are generally too conscious of themselves.

Long fingers with well-developed joints indicate a thoughtful analytical type of mind, short thick fingers belong to the more intuitive types, the people who do not bother over-much about detail but are concerned with broad outlines, the people who make quick decisions, right or wrong.

It is quite impossible to give anything like an adequate and comprehensive insight into the science of hand-reading; for the subject is a vast one, covering as it does every aspect of human activity. My researches over the years relative to the symbolism of the human hand have proved at least one thing: that the personal psychological pattern, the innate Self, predetermines the pattern of the life; in other words, what we are inside ourselves predetermines what happens to us, the life-pattern or destiny is a translation of ourselves.

There are many who will want to deny this, but be careful and think well, for how few of us really know ourselves! Most people think they do, but an analytical examination of the imprints of both hands will show

that the individual's knowledge of himself is really confined to a knowledge of a self-created pattern; that is, to a pattern and a personality that he has deliberately invented, and which he accepts as being himself.

This self-created personality picture may be, at times, based on part fact, but it rarely is wholly true to all the facts. And we often find that there occurs an automatic magnification, even to the point of distortion, of any virtues while the defects are eliminated from the picture, or are so distorted by a plausible justification as to be unrecognizable. The distortion of defects is thus coloured so as to assume the quality of a virtue, or the pretension of an assumed strength of character.

In the palmist's vocabulary the Fate and Apollo or success lines are regarded as being the " lines of destiny " ; but in actual fact they merely indicate the degrees of the individual's satisfaction with two aspects of his life, the material aspect and the personal or emotional one. And in those cases where one finds a broken or islanded Fate line with a distorted Apollo line, it merely indicates a degree of dissatisfaction with those two aspects of living. And in every case a careful analytical examination of the whole hand will reveal defects in the character, in the mental or emotional processes that have created the pattern of dissatisfaction.

Once you have detected the defects something can generally be done to adjust or eliminate such deficiencies, and once that has been accomplished there is an immediate improvement in efficiency, in the life pattern and in personal satisfaction with living.

The hand is not only of vital value in making an analysis of the two patterns, the conscious and the unconscious, but also an invaluable aid in diagnosis. The skin ridges form a pattern from the finger tips to the wrist, a pattern which never alters from birth to death. And in an imprint of the hand these are clearly seen. When there exists any bacterial infection in the body or any chemical deficiency which is causing disease, these ridge lines become malformed, and each type of disease produces its own particular type of malformation.

When the patient has been treated and the condition cured, these malformations disappear and the ridges revert to the normal clear lines. It has been my practice over the years to take imprints of the hands, and there are several reasons for this. It is quite impossible to see the malformations in the skin ridges in the actual hand, but in an imprint they are clearly detectable. Hands change from time to time, as we change psychologically or in health, and by making comparisons of imprints taken with a lapse of time after each set, it is easy to see how

health conditions are maturing, if the individual is tending to develop any disruptive defects either chemically or psychologically. I have in my files many thousands of imprints, many of the hands of people I have never seen, as people send me imprints from practically all over the world, and often I am able to give a timely warning of a developing danger and by checking a fresh set of imprints with the originals some twelve months or two years later, I am able to say that the danger has been averted, or perhaps that some immediate steps must be taken to prevent its further development.

Those who may be interested in making a study of this fascinating and valuable science, I advise to read one or two sound books on the subject, and then to start a collection of ink imprints of hands. Such a scientific study of the human hand as this is beyond the scope of the ordinary palmist, as the exact translation of the symbol depends not only on a knowledge of the hand and its markings but also an extensive knowledge of psychological principles, endocrinology, chemistry and bacteriology, whereas the ordinary palmist is mainly concerned with a fixed destiny.

It is a principle of modern psychological practice to trace a defect back to its source, generally childhood, and when that fails they fall back on "inherited tendencies." I have devoted many years to a study of such tendencies and I have found that in many cases the theory of inherited tendencies does not solve the problem or give a satisfactory answer. In many families there is a child possessing characteristics or tendencies that cannot be traced to any "inheritance" from either side. In such cases we have to look far back beyond the immediate family histories: we have to seek for some indications of a "carried over" subconscious memory, indications of a previous existence.

There is no doubt that a study of the symbolism of the human hand can throw much light on many obscure and mysterious problems, which psychology as yet cannot answer or explain. Nothing suddenly begins and nothing suddenly ends—those are illusions of time. As the evolutionary processes continue at the three-dimensional level, there are more vital and important evolutionary processes operative at higher levels, and it is towards those we must turn if we are to find a greater understanding of ourselves—and perhaps our salvation.

NOEL JAQUIN

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

RECENT INDO-ANGLIAN FICTION

[THE CONTROVERSY now going on in India about the necessity of retaining English as the official language receives one more proof in favour of English in this article by **Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar.** Are not the authors whose English volumes are examined so very interestingly doing patriotic service to their Motherland — keeping Indian society alive for the foreigner ? And again Indo-Anglian literature can and is being used for translation purposes into many Occidental tongues ; this is not so likely to happen to books written in an Indian language. —ED.]

INDIAN writing in English, which is now often referred to as Indo-Anglian literature, is hardly a century old. Here as elsewhere the poets and the mere "prosaists" preceded the dramatists and novelists. It was only in the 1920's and 1930's that writers like K. S. Venkataramani, Mulk Raj Anand and R. K. Narayan[1] gave Indo-Anglian fiction a place of its own in the twentieth-century Indian literary scene. The war and the after-war years — the long years of revolution and these last few years of peaceful reconstruction — have been an invitation to the Indian novelist, and the results have by no means been disappointing.

While some of the writers who achieved recognition before or during the war have retained their fecundity and popular appeal, many of the new "arrivals" have given the contemporary literary scene both the stir of variegated achievement and the promise of sure achievement. Purushottam Tricamdas, a successful lawyer and socialist politician, has experimented in phantasy by imagining the grafting of the head of one person on the body of another — a feat of surgery indeed! — and pursues the consequent psychological possibilities. *The Living Mask* is a novel that teases and grips at once. It radiates something of the tantalizing quality of the old Indian story of the "transposed heads," which has been effectively retold by Thomas Mann. Sudhin Ghose's *The Vermilion Boat,* another phantasy, seemingly set in present-day Bengal, is told with an Oriental quaintness which is amusing and satisfying. The narrator is a student, a Bengali variation of Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, and he "covers" Calcutta and enacts a voyage through hell and purgatory, in the end finding happiness in the arms of the long-desired and strangely attractive Roma. Sudhin Ghose's other novels, *And Gazelles Leaping* and *The Flame of the Forest,* have the same tantalizing quality, though it is to be feared that each new experiment but reveals a growing thinness of content, a steady dilution of the essence. Dilip Kumar Roy's *The Upward Spiral,* on the other hand, is not a phantasy but an excursion into a world of spiritual intensities; while the human interest is not sacrificed the accent on the dynamics of *Yoga* and the claims of the higher life give a special quality to this novel.

Of the veterans, Anand, being engaged in other fields of activity — publishing, journalism, politics — has given us

[1] The work of these and other early Indo-Anglian novelists is considered in my *Indo-Anglian Literature* (P.E.N. Book, 1943) and *Indian Contribution to English Literature* (1945).— K.R.S.I.

but one novel in recent years: *Private Life of an Indian Prince*. Victor, the Indian Prince, has all the vices of pampered royalty and, on India gaining independence in 1947, wishes to keep out of the Indian Union. But Sardar Patel summons Victor to Delhi and keeps him waiting till he loses his nerve; then it is child's play for him to persuade Victor to sign the Instrument of Accession. As always, Anand writes briskly, but his style is undistinguished and occasionally even slipshod and coarse. Sex intrudes too often and the attempt to fuse contemporary political history with the personal history of a few individuals is not entirely successful. Narayan's two recent novels, *The Financial Expert* and *Waiting for the Mahatma,* while they will not disappoint his admirers, will hardly win any new converts. The urbanity, the ease, the clarity in style, are there, and understanding and humour are not wanting. Margayya, the "financial expert," distantly recalls Mr. V. S. Pritchett's Beluncle, and is actually three different persons who refuse to merge into a single, wholly integrated character. In *Waiting for the Mahatma,* Narayan tells the love story of Sriram and the waif Bharati against the background of the tragic assassination of Gandhiji on January 30th, 1948, on his way to prayer. One catches echoes of the Gandhian revolution, but Sriram and Bharati are rather shadowy figures and acquire reality only in relation to the Mahatma. The extension of the scene of action from the familiar Malgudi to a whole province or all India makes for a diminution — a diminution and even a blurring of the outlines of the little South Indian village which Narayan's readers have learned to love so much; but the gain is quite proportionate to the loss.

Two other novels that have likewise tried to present the drama of the Indian revolution, Venu Chitale's *In Transit* and Khwaja Ahmed Abbas's *Inquilab,* are more heavily loaded with ore, but the art that transforms the crude ore to the shining metal is lacking. The action of Shrimati Chitale's novels spreads over the whole arc of the Gandhian revolution, while Abbas's confines itself to the twenties and the early thirties, culminating in the Gandhi-Irwin Pact. Shrimati Chitale takes us to the heart of a Maharashtrian family caught in the revolutionary whirlwind; Shri Abbas takes us to Delhi, Aligarh and the North, and concentrates on a group of Muslims. A twist is added in the end when the Muslim hero, Anwar, discovers that he is a Hindu merchant's son by the prostitute Chhamia, but brought up affectionately by a Muslim, Akbar Ali. "He was a strange symbol of unity, a human *sangam* in which such diverse streams of blood and cultures had met!" Both Venu Chitale and Ahmed Abbas can write interestingly of men and affairs, but it is a far, far cry from their novels to a work like *War and Peace*; and the Gandhian era — or the modern Heroic Age — is still a challenge to the mute, inglorious "Tolstoys" who are today struggling for expression in India.

The Goan struggle for independence is a miniature version — quantitatively, not qualitatively, for suffering is the same whether ten or ten million suffer — of the Indian struggle. *Sorrowing Lies My Land* is the title of Lambert Mascarenhas's novel. The title is apt because Portuguese rule, always an eyesore and a bodysore, has become a regular nightmare during the last few years. One of the terrifyingly pregnant moments in the novel is Roberto's testifying against his own father, Tobias, to the authorities. That sort of thing, one thought, could happen only under a Hitler or a Stalin! Tobias, the central figure in the novel, is elaborately and convincingly drawn: "The soil was in his blood. It held for him an eternal mystery, as close as a woman's womb." His

Catholicism is truly catholic, and his learning does not divorce him from his people. He is deprived of his supports one by one; yet is he most heroic in his very helplessness and solitariness. So too, by implication, Goa is living her bravest, finest hour, bent by oppression — but not broken.

Dr. Bhabani Bhattacharya's *So Many Hungers, Music for Mohini* and *He Who Rides a Tiger* constitute an impressive achievement. *So Many Hungers* draws upon the wartime famine in Bengal and its attendant evils. The picture is vivid and almost repulsive. There are the familiar types: the war profiteer, the rapacious black-marketeer, the fearless underground worker, the faded, destitute heroine, the sex-starved white soldier lost in an Asian country. The novel has adroitly caught the suffering, the heroism, the frustration, the hopes and the despairs of the war years; hence the impression it makes on a first reading is overwhelming. *Music for Mohini* is the story of a young Brahmin girl, Mohini, who tries to make a success of her married life with her scholar husband, Jayadev. Dr. Bhattacharya's third novel, *He Who Rides a Tiger,* reverts to the Bengal famine. The tempo of life in Calcutta — the complex of urban vices and urban sophistication, the pressure of mass movements and mass hysteria — gives the novel an eerie and a piquant quality all its own. Less sombre in its hues than *So Many Hungers,* the indictment it carries is delivered with more ease and almost entertainingly. Kalo the blacksmith, driven by hunger to Calcutta, finds out that his daughter Lekha has been lured to a harlot-house where he is himself working as a pimp; his eyes are opened, he declares war on society, and a singular chain of circumstances helps him to build a structure of popular faith on a lie and a fraud:—

> How could the temple's gracious gift have the same effect on her as the house of evil? The house wanted to pollute her body; the temple worked inside her, spreading corruption.

But the downtrodden "low-caste" has taken his full revenge on people whose souls had rotted with "caste and cash" — and now he and his daughter boldly cut themselves loose from their new entanglements, and begin life anew.

Of the writers who have come out but lately into the limelight Kamala Markandaya is perhaps the most outstanding. Her first novel, *Nectar in a Sieve,* has been compared with Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth,* though a nearer analogy would be with K. S. Venkataramani's *Murugan the Tiller.* Miss Markandaya takes us to the heart of a South Indian village where life has not changed for about a thousand years. Industry and modern technology invade it in the shape of a tannery and from the impact sinister consequences issue. Poverty and misery, the advancing disease of overpopulation, the wailing of the helpless — what "nectar" out of this muddied ocean? But the heart that is tempered in the flames of love and faith, of suffering and sacrifice, will not easily accept defeat. Rukmini the narrator-heroine is also a Mother of Sorrows. After her vain journeyings she returns to her village to find peace at last; she has lost her husband, but she brings home their adopted son, Purli. They and the other children, Selvam and Ira, start to rebuild their fortunes on the ruins of the old. Calm after storm, spring after winter — such is the unending cycle. One must persevere, one must hope, even if it were only in trying to find "nectar in a sieve"!

If *Nectar in a Sieve* recalls Venkataramani's *Murugan the Tiller,* Miss Markandaya's *Some Inner Fury* recalls his *Kandan the Patriot.* Where Venkataramani is poetical and masculine, Miss Markandaya is suggestive and feminine. If her writing is less rich in imagery, it has more ease and more of the light of love. Both her novels are cast in auto-

biographical form and exploit the freedom of reverie. But there is a world of difference between Rukmini of the earlier and Mira of the later novel. Mira is a creature of imagination and memory, in whom naturalness and sophistication are in uneasy partnership. The story begins with the return of her brother Kit with his Oxford friend Richard. Govind, her adopted brother, Premala, who presently marries Kit, and Roshan, the rich lady who angles in the troubled waters of emancipation and revolutionary politics, complete the principal *dramatis personæ*. There is, of course, Hickey the missionary, a variation of Kenny of the earlier novel. Almost as in a typical Hardy novel, intensities clash and malignant forces are let loose. Govind, wishing to escape from his hopeless love for Premala, becomes a revolutionary; Premala, escaping from the stifling atmosphere of her husband's home as often as she can, helps Hickey in his humanitarian work; Mira and Richard seek happiness in each other's arms. But the "Quit India" movement overtakes and carries them along and finally engulfs them. It is a ghastly mistake, no doubt, but revolutions breed such mistakes. Premala is suffocated and dies, Kit dies of a knife-wound and Richard falls a victim to mob fury. Mira returns to her home, to be shut up with the ghosts of her memories; and from time to time the slow pain comes "seeping up, filling my throat with grief, flowing from throat to temple."

Some Inner Fury is a tragedy of politics, even as *Nectar in a Sieve* is a tragedy of economics: but in both novels the chief characters transcend the bludgeonings of economic or political mischance and assert the unconquerable spirit of man. Of all the characters in *Some Inner Fury*, Premala is the sweetest, even the most heroic, with her mother sadness no less than her mother might and mother love, whose silence is stronger than all rhetoric and whose seeming capacity for resignation is the true measure of her measureless strength. She, more than the sophisticated Kit and Mira, more than the rebel Govind and the responsive Richard, is symbolic of the Mother — all understanding and compassion — "Mother India" who must suffer all hurts and survive all disasters.

Not the least of Kamala Markandaya's marks as a novelist is the purity and suggestiveness of her prose; for example:—

> I think in that moment I first knew the meaning of fear. I could feel its slow black coils unwinding, felt the sudden hollowness of my body as all else retreated before that creeping darkness.

As one closes *Some Inner Fury*, one is exhausted, but not too exhausted to ask the question: What did really happen? Was it Govind who killed Kit? Did Hickey lie, or did Mira lie? In Forster's *A Passage to India*, too, the truth of what actually happened in the Marabar Caves is left to be guessed. Kamala Markandaya has exhibited two half-truths, two fragments of truth; how shall we piece them together? The mystery must remain.

Khushwant Singh's *Train to Pakistan* (1956), a first novel by an already established short-story-writer, snaps with pitiless accuracy the bestial horrors enacted on the Indo-Pakistan border region during the fateful days of August 1947. The leaders — the departing British rulers abetting them — had sowed the wind of communal differences and Partition, like a whirlwind, was upsetting masses of humanity, mangling them, throwing them across the borders in a heap. Khushwant Singh concentrates on a border village, Mano Majra, with a river fringing it and a railway bridge spanning the river. The population is half Sikh, half Muslim. There are thousands of such villages in India, where the law is peaceful co-existence, not communal strife. A trainload of

corpses from Pakistan crosses the bridge near Mano Majra, refugees pour in, and, incidentally, a Communist named Iqbal Singh. The cry for reprisals silences the still, soft voice of humanity. The local Muslim population is evacuated to a refugee camp, but the avengers decide to attack the refugee train bound for Pakistan. At last — even in this universal madness — humanity, or rather love, which is humanity's noblest flower, asserts itself. A local Sikh, rough Juggat Singh, realizing that the attack must mean death to his mistress, the Muslim girl Nooran, prevents the attack at the cost of his own life. Even the abandoned old rake, the magistrate Hukam Chand, has a soft feeling for the Muslim prostitute, Haseena. It is a nightmarish story; the details accumulate to a poisonous mass and numb the sensibilities. What is recorded with such remorseless fidelity is but a speck in the dust-whirl that was the Partition; but there is enough to convict both the British administrators who, after a hundred years of "benign" rule, could only lead up to this holocaust, and a nationalist movement led by barristers, thinkers, poets, statesmen, *mahatmas* and *maulanas* that could celebrate the baptism of freedom only with such mass murder and revolting bestiality. Khushwant Singh's novel begins with the murder of the money-lender, the love-making of Juggat and Nooran, and Hukum Chand's sordid affair with Haseena — a concatenation that is a dim shadow of the coming events. It could not have been an easy novel to write: the events so recent, so terrible in their utter savagery and meaninglessness, must have defied assimilation in terms of creative fiction. Khushwant Singh, however, has succeeded through resolved limitation and rigorous selection in communicating to his readers a hint of the grossness, vastness and utter insanity of the two-nation theory and the Partition tragedy. The pity and the horror of it all! The novel conveys both with utter fidelity.

Shanta Rama Rau's *Remember the House* has been well received in the U.S.A. and the U.K., and she wisely writes of things well within the range of her experience. Childhood and girlhood at Jalnabad are recapitulated tenderly but not sentimentally. Presently life makes its demands on the narrator-heroine, Baba. She meets Nicky and Alix, she dallies with romance, but the hero is seen to have feet of clay. Love is a glittering and transient emptiness: "a little excitement, a little impatience, much imagination." The comfortable Hari is preferable to the princes of the romantic mirage. The West cannot easily mix with the East, and traditional cultures have often the hidden strength to stand shocks from outside. Shanta Rama Rau's writing is marked by ease and urbanity and she can expose the dividing gulf between the East and the West with an uncanny adroitness.

No less distinguished is Anand Lall's *The House at Adampur*, a study of pre-Independence "aristocratic" life in Delhi and the Panjab. People could be patriots and philanderers at one and the same time; jail-going and harem-keeping could be cultivated as complementary occupations. Yet these people are not really happy or contented. Wandering between two worlds, one already dead and the other as yet powerless to be born, these characters — Dewan Ram Nath, Jai Singh, Lena — are seized with bewilderment, and they hanker after a harmony that somehow eludes them. Anand (Arthur) Lall is India's permanent representative at the United Nations Headquarters and here in his first novel he is seen to be an expert chronicler of the ambiguities and difficulties of transition from the old to the new in India. Exploiting a not dissimilar theme, Dr. M. V. Rama Sharma has turned his *The Stream* into a psychological study of the tension between the

old ways and the new, and his hero, Gopalam, torn between the homely woman Saguna who loves him and the sophisticated Swarna whom he loves, zigzags along an uncertain agonized course till at last he reaches a sensible understanding with his destiny and reconciles himself to his lot.

A survey of fiction should not omit a reference to short stories, but these defy easy classification. Two recent collections, however, deserve special mention: Khushwant Singh's *The Mark of Vishnu* and Manjeri Isvaran's *Painted Tigers*. In evoking a scene, sketching a character, or insinuating the irony and the pity at the heart of life, both Khushwant Singh and Manjeri Isvaran are adepts: words do their bidding without much ado, and actuality grins and stares and even smiles at us. Khushwant Singh is apt to be satiric where Isvaran is suggestive and poetic; their characters, too, tend to divide as caricatures and symbols. But they are competent story-tellers both, and they reveal their bits of India with fidelity and fearlessness.

Novels and short stories are appearing at a steady pace, for journals need them and readers are hungry for them. But there is a difference between the made novel or short story and the piece of fiction that seems, as it were, to have demanded utterance. Many will write before a few stand out from the crowd. The future of Indo-Anglian fiction, however, will be assured so long as novelists and short-story-writers like the above can be lured to the ranks of its practitioners.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

The Wisdom of the Living Religions. By Joseph Gaer. (Skeffington, London. 288 pp. 1958. 21*s*.)

"The sayings of the living religions deserve study for a number of reasons," says Mr. Gaer in his Preface:—

> Each of the sayings is thought provoking, each contains a guiding principle and each is (in the original even if not always in the translation) expressed concisely, sharply, memorably.

It is in fact this very precision and thrust — the sheer literary excellence of their pristine utterances through fable, allegory, parable and myth — which has given the great religions their immediacy and relevance for generation after generation.

In presenting the essence of ten of them in one comparatively small volume Mr. Gaer succeeds in laying bare the golden thread, or the several golden threads, running through them all. The book is well arranged: each section is prefaced by a brief historical summary; and the sayings, maxims, proverbs and parables which follow are carefully selected.

Thus, without undue simplification, the essence of Buddhism is revealed through The Twelve Links, The Four Noble Truths, The Eightfold Path and the Ten Buddhist Commandments from the *Vinaya-Pitaka,* the Ten Perfections from the *Sutta-Pitaka,* and a number of verses from the *Dhammapada* and the *Jatakas*. The essence of Christianity is revealed through the Parables of Jesus and a variety of sayings from the *New Testament,* the *Agrapha* and the *Logia*. Similar treatment has been given to eight other wide-spread religions. The whole is co-ordinated by a Topical Index which, if we lack opportunity to devote a lifetime to the study of comparative religion, we ought to be honest enough to be grateful for. Crude as it is, it has the merit of enabling the ordinary reader to see at a glance what Buddhism, Christianity, Jainism, Judaism, Islam, Shintoism and several other faiths think about anger, charity, modesty, murder and a host of other phenomena.

J. P. Hogan

Nehru's India: An Analytical Study. By T. S. Bawa. (Freeland Publications, Private, Ltd., New Delhi. 204 pp. 1957. Rs. 12.50)

During her ten years of freedom India has recorded much progress, but revealed many deficiencies too — individual and national. Democratic traditions have not yet struck root deep enough in India's soil. Shri Bawa's book articulates this conclusion in emphatic terms.

Shri Bawa has a high regard for Pandit Nehru. But he is frankly disappointed by what he regards as Nehru's failure to root out corruption, nepotism and other evils.

Some of Shri Bawa's disappointment will be shared by other Indians too. But would they lay so much of the blame for the *impasse* at Pandit Nehru's door or those of the Constitution, which Bawa describes as "cocktail"? Democracy as a form of government demands a degree of character, integrity and understanding of and participation in public affairs by each citizen to the best of his ability; these are unfortunately rare among us — politicians and non-politicians, civil servants and private people, alike. One Nehru cannot remedy this; the nation as a whole must make the effort.

All is not well with India, but all is not ill either, as Shri Bawa seems to think. Most of the analysis and some of the remedial measures propounded by him are worth serious consideration: *e.g.*, the problem of rapid increase in population, the shrinking in the size of land holdings and the inequalities of wealth. But more important than all else is the building of national character on the foundations of genuine and sincere patriotism and earnestness of purpose. Pandit Nehru's life and work do emphasize these.

C. V. H.

Victory over Suffering: Glimpses into a Mystery. By A. Graham Ikin. Foreword by J. B. Phillips. Introduction by The Late Bishop of Ely. (Arthur James Ltd., England. 144 pp. 1957. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Miss Ikin may not bring the problem of suffering a whit nearer solution, but her sincerity commands respect. She believes that "in prayer we find a responsive Intelligence that answers our spoken or unspoken appeal"; and although this is tantamount to saying that *My will be done* is as valid a prayer as *Thy will be done,* her manifest humility, her very *naïveté,* protects her from any charge of arrogance.

But her book misleads. It makes too much of the possibilities of healing and not enough of the sheer *fact* of suffering. Much of its space is given to the subject of "spiritual healing": that exercise in optimism which so panders to the many Christians who claim to find a "comfort" in their faith and who lull their fear, their despair, their secret unadmitted anguish with all manner of spiritual bromides. In certain very specific cases spiritual healing may "work," or seem to work; but it can do nothing to counter war, famine or accident. It induces, moreover, in those who practise it a flaccid attitude to life, an implicit conviction that suffering may be avoided, a psychopathic refusal to face facts.

Suffering is a subject for art rather than homily. Broadly speaking, the truth of the matter is that our capacity to suffer is our only means of "victory" over suffering; and Miss Ikin would have done us a better service if she had made this luminously and unequivocally clear.

J. P. Hogan

The Herald of Spring. Poems from Mohua. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Translated from the Bengali by AUROBINDO BOSE. With a life of Tagore by the Translator. (The Wisdom of the East Series, John Murray, London. 83 pp. 1957. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Aurobindo Bose has translated about half of the love poems from Tagore's *Mohua,* written and published when the poet was over seventy. Tagore had been asked to make a selection from his love poems suitable for newly-married couples. In doing so, the joy of creation touched his heart "like the breath of Spring" — hence the title. "*Mohua* flowers are the attendants of Spring, and there is intoxication in their sap," he says.

Unfortunately poetry seldom remains poetry when translated literally into another language. It has to be recreated, as Arthur Waley and Ezra Pound have recreated the poetry of China and Japan. In most of these versions "the all-pervading atmosphere, so tenuous and ethereal," fails to reach us. Some pieces, such as "The Waterfall" and "By the Wayside," are charming poems in their own right; but in others the difficulty of the task has evidently proved too great. Nevertheless what does come through is Tagore's conception of love and the miraculous blossoming of spring in an old man's heart.

With Tagore love is envisaged as a creative activity which transforms and recreates men and women and reveals them in their true selves — a conception which, while owing much to the Vaishnavite poetry of mediæval Bengali literature, yet finds a parallel in the work of Browning, a poet with whom Tagore was much in sympathy.

PHILIP HENDERSON

Indian Philosophical Studies. I. By M. HIRIYANNA. (Kavyalaya Publishers, Mysore. 149 pp. 1957. Rs. 7.50)

This is a collection of occasional papers contributed by the late Professor M. Hiriyanna to several philosophical and research publications in the course of over two decades of life and study between 1924 and 1946. The most important of them is his paper on "The Problem of Truth," contributed to *Contemporary Indian Philosophy,* edited by S. Radhakrishnan and J. H. Muirhead. The problem of Truth and Error was one of the major interests of Professor Hiriyanna's reflections, as can be seen by the number of papers on the subject from various points of view. Professor Hiriyanna was a mature thinker with a gift of clarity in expounding his themes that these essays clearly show.

One important paper in this collection is his research discovery of "Svabhāva-vāda or Indian Naturalism." He has rendered a valuable service to the history of Indian philosophy in restoring this system of thought to its rightful place as a fore-runner of the Sāmkhya system. His other countribution is his valuable account of Bhartṛprapañca, a precursor of Śankara and a progenitor of the Bhedābheda system of the Vedānta. Though no work of the great writer has come down to us, by diligent research among other commentaries on the Vedanta which refer to him Professor Hiriyanna has recovered and placed Bhartṛprapañca in the history of the Vedantic systems of thought.

Professor Hiriyanna's calm and cogent writing with its clear grasp and lucid exposition is a delightful lamp by which many a student can guide himself in the still much unexplored realms of Indian thought.

D. GURUMURTI

Buddhism: A "Mystery Religion"? By Paul Levy. (University of London; The Athlone Press, London. 111 pp. 1957. 18*s*.)

In this book (the Louis H. Jordan Lectures for 1953) the author tries to show that the question posed in its title should be answered in the affirmative. Yet for a definition of the term "Mystery Religion" we have to wait until the last chapter, where we are told, "They owe their generic name to the fact that their principal rites and revelations are intended to be kept secret," and where the author at last exposes his ethnological bias. Till then he tacitly assumes a connection between the rites of initiation performed at puberty in primitive communities and the ceremonies connected with the ordination of Buddhist monks.

The first three chapters therefore consist of an unsystematic account, based for the most part on second-hand and third-hand sources, of ordination in the Theravadin communities and among the Northern Buddhists. The author seems to believe that, because in Cambodia, for example, ordination is accompanied by certain admittedly primitive practices (not mentioned in the *Vinaya* texts) which are also a feature of tribal initiations, Buddhism, can be classified as a "mystery Religion." Surely this is not unlike the assertion that since some accounts of the Buddha's life contain elements which can be explained in terms of solar myth the Buddha Himself is to be regarded not as a historical person but as a celestial phenomenon. Chapter IV, which deals with the proceedings of the First Council as a variation of the initiation theme, is hardly more convincing. Chapter V deals in the same way with the lives of Kāśyapa and Gavāmpati. Both contain false analogies of an astonishingly naïve kind. Still, despite incidental errors and wrong basic assumptions, the book is interesting and not without value. Properly understood, it certainly makes us realize that the Buddhist ritual of ordination is richer in significance than is generally supposed. But that significance cannot be reduced to terms of ethnology. A transcendental residue remains which exalts Buddhism far above all "Mystery Religions" so conceived and eludes all studies of this kind.

Bhikshu Sangharakshita

Religion and the Rebel. By Colin Wilson. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 333 pp. 1957. 21*s*.)

Presumably this book is a sequel to *The Outsider*. According to its author it is an attempt to argue the theses that the Outsider "is a symptom of a civilization in decline, but that at least he is a healthy sign" and that "Western civilization has reached its moment of crisis and so "religion, the backbone of civilization, hardens into a Church that is unacceptable to Outsiders . . . the men who "strive to become visionarites" and then "become the Rebels."

To me it reads as a hotch-potch of only partially integrated elements: spiritual truths; doubtful generalizations; critical analyses, some deep, others shallow; and biographical details of alleged Outsiders, mystics and Rebels, not always relevant to any theme and often trivial and, in the modern fashion, unedifying. Such statements as the following remain unrelated: "The Outsider, then, is a man who is haunted by a sense of the futility of life. . . . The Outsider only ceases to be an Outsider when he becomes *possessed*, when he becomes fanatically obsessed by the need to escape"; "All experiences can be used as the building bricks of a visionary consciousness *if there is a conscious effort at assimilation*"; "This,

then, is the essence of Christ's teaching: it is the will of the life-force that men should strive for more consciousness and life."

As another example, I did not know what to make of the parallel drawn between the vision of D. H. Lawrence's Lady Chatterley induced by sexual ecstasy and the so-called Nature-mysticism of Boehme; and the contrast of these with what he chooses to call the mysticism of the East which keeps a man sitting cross-legged and immobile for twenty years.

Colin Wilson writes; "The ultimate question that, for me, lies behind the Outsider is: How can man extend his range of consciousness?" I suggest that all and more than the message conveyed by this book is to be found in the simple words of an ancient text: "Give up thy life if thou wouldst live." They imply, what is absent entirely from this book, the need of compassion, of identifying oneself with others in their suffering, if one is to achieve the true visionary consciousness.

GEOFFREY H. BROWN

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** shows us this month a French approach to a deep spiritual-historical question and to a matter of, largely, business. Our readers should find a vivid picture of that subtle combination of pure logic and conscious brilliance which is so native to France. But they shall find also, we trust, a question that goes home: Are we also betraying the Christ, the Buddha, even Gandhiji, living memory of whom is yet green? — ED.]

I WAS alternately fascinated and bewildered by Thierry Maulnier's adaptation of Diego Fabbri's play *Procès à Jésus*. As a technical achievement it is memorable; but, while it reminds one of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, it lacks the latter's well-knit structure. As a problem play *Procès à Jésus* is intensely dramatic and possesses one highly poignant moment that lifts you above the general earthiness that surrounds the play. Fabbri introduced a problem as a Jew sees it: "We have been persecuted over the centuries. Were we guilty? Was Jesus punishable under Mosaic law? Let us reconstruct the trial."

The trial is enacted, but no attempt is ever really made to answer this question. Perhaps the author is right in thinking it does not greatly matter. In common with most important works of French literature the main purpose of this play is the psychological inquest of man. The vocation of France is the study of the individual. To the French, literature is the most powerful reassembling force of conscience.

The protagonists in this great spiritual drama are all there — and Judas finds himself no more guilty than John, for did not even John at one time deny Jesus? And in a passage of great beauty Mary Magdalene, with her eyes glistening, speaks of a love that passeth understanding. Can one describe the indescribable?

The Second Act with its novel modes startles and shocks us. From different parts of the theatre the *dramatis personæ* pop up like pupils in a classroom to recount their experiences. After a time the novelty wears off. One by one, they take their share of the blame in this great trial. Everyone finds that it is he himself that is primarily being judged, and not Jesus. Who indeed was responsible for crucifying Jesus? Were we not all? Were

not John and Judas, in doubting him, equally responsible for bringing about his crucifixion? Do we not, say the actors, be we tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, do we not each betray him? How much have we done and are doing today to follow his message? It is we who are, therefore, guilty, one and all. Indeed, we have, through our want of faith, hope and charity, crucified him, not once but millions and millions of times through the ages.

Such indeed is the true message of the play, even if for dramatic reasons Fabbri piles one form of theatrical device upon another. There is a pessimism in this play as there is in so much French literature. Succintly Gide put it — *Je n'aime pas l'homme. J'aime ce qui le devore.*[1]

Procès à Jésus gets caught in its own new, tangled form and fails to be thoroughly convincing. It introduces too many characters and preserves the tension of a mystery play. Above all, and at all costs, Fabbri feels he must be heard. He does not refrain from some religious propaganda, and hence weakens his purpose.

The play, for all its failings, is a remarkable *tour de force*; for while it attempts, perhaps too solemnly, to satisfy priest and plebian, it makes one seriously take stock of oneself. It avows the spiritual turmoil and aspiration of man. This comes from the understanding of the prized concept, typically French, of *la personne*: to comprehend the destiny of France is simply to comprehend the destiny of the individual. I saw most of the audience looking guiltily or sometimes sheepishly at one another. That in itself was as good a sign as any that the points had been driven home. They were driven home, not from the heart, where love resides, but from the brain. There was something coldly intellectual in the experience. I am reminded of Yeats's lines:—

> It is folly to be only wise
> And on the inward vision close the heart.

A distinguished Vietnamese writer, Tran Van Tung, invited me to the presentation ceremony of his beautiful illustrated book on Viet Nam at a top-class restaurant, "Le Cabaret," close to the Champs Elysées. There were a number of friends of the writer, a bevy of well-dressed women and a few photographers. The author proceeded to display and discuss his book, have passages read out in English and French by a few *débutantes* and well-groomed men, and then returned, with one or two apologies, to treat of the merits of the book and to say how it came to be written. A monologue on the part of the author was followed by a dialogue on the part of a young pair who read snatches of poetry and prose. There were no comments, questions or answers. When the journalists had dispersed and the majority of friends, about forty in number, had gone away, champagne was served.

This kind of book-presentation ceremony, or the signing of a book, is a common occurrence here. It introduces a new author to the public or enhances the prestige of a celebrity. This kind of charade may strike some people as peculiar, but it is entirely consistent with French tradition and considered as relevant as the opening ceremony of an exhibition. One must learn to appreciate this very frequent form of publicity arranged by the publishing firm. In a world dominated by mass media it helps to sell the book. I think you did your job well, Tran Van Tung! I'm sure I could not endure such an ordeal myself.

BALDOON DHINGRA

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[1] I do not love man. I love that which devours him.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

In an article "Is Philosophy Obsolete? (*Quarterly Review,* 1st Quarter 1958), Dr. R. F. Rattray, Extension Lecturer at Cambridge University, pleads cogently for a return from a philosophy which has become merely "a meticulous analysis of the meaning of statements" to philosophy in the true sense, as an interpretation, a synthesis of the facts of experience, both outer and inner.

Dr. Rattray emphasizes that if one frees oneself from the conventions of thought, it is as unreasonable to deny the intelligence in matter (with its variety of forms, functions, purpose and consciousness) as to imagine that mere chance can set in order papers scattered at random. Matter from outside is "an infinity of centres of radiation," from inside "an infinity of centres of feeling and striving." He cites two broadcasts, (by Prof. Schrodinger, 1942, and Prof. Astbury 1957) which raised, respectively, the questions of molecular thinking and molecular memory. He cites the processes of heredity and the biological law of recapitulation as evidence of the way ancestral memory is transferred to succeeding generations — of cells as of human beings. Yet in all living matter there is constant replacement, so that only the *form* that governs the changing matter has permanence. Repeated experience transfers memory to the subconscious and unconscious levels in the form of capacity; the conscious attention is centred on the acquirement of new knowledge and powers; while beyond lie the further potentialities of the supra-conscious.

The promise and potency of the whole universe is behind the visible universe: it embodies itself in atom, molecule, chemical element, virus, bacterion, protoplasmic cell, protozoon, metazoon, plants, animals, man. We come back to what the Greeks discovered long ago, that in the universe is *logos.*

Poets and writers next are called upon as witnesses to the higher level, as is the admiration accorded to those who, facing even death, stand loyal to goodness, truth and beauty — the pilot of a crashing plane who sacrifices himself to avoid killing others is called a hero, not a fool. Inspiration is the result of the supra-conscious uniting the unconscious, subconscious and conscious mind in its service. The rich depths of concentrated ancestral memory provide the symbolism "to mediate transcendent experience."

The conscious mind of the artist, while accepting from the supra-conscious and other strata, gives to what he receives the benefit of his conscious knowledge and skills — such are the revealers of transcendent reality.

Much of this has significant implications which demand to be more fully worked out. As the Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth century had a deep and fruitful influence on their own and succeeding generations, it is encouraging that the tradition still endures.

About one hundred and thirty years ago two British officers, tiger-hunting in the Nilgiri Hills of South India, discovered some people quite distinct in appearance, language and customs from the Hindus surrounding them. Ever since, the Todas, as they are commonly called, have been a subject of much speculation and controversy.

The Quarterly Journal of the Mythic Society, 1957-58, prints "Todas of the

Nilgiri Hills: Their Origin" by J. N. Kamalapur, who contributes in it his quota to the guesses of scholars who have not yet solved anything regarding the Todas.

Early descriptions of these mysterious dwellers on the Blue Mountains picture them, for the most part, as fair complexioned, handsome, tall and of noble bearing, with long, wavy, brown hair and beards, uniquely dressed; tending herds of buffaloes and living on their milk, and never using or carrying weapons (not even sticks), yet dwelling safely in jungles infested with elephants, tigers, snakes and other ferocious animals.

Some of the confusion of the scholars studying the Todas is no doubt due to the fact, explained by H. P. Blavatsky, who also knew and wrote of them, that as soon as their solitude was invaded by civilization the Todas began moving to other places as unknown as and more inaccessible than the Nilgiris had formerly been; until only degenerate remnants of the tribe remained around Ootacamund, such as those whose phrenological bumps were measured by Colonel Marshall. This, no doubt, accounts also for the conflicting descriptions and accounts offered about them right up to the latest theories of H.R.H. Prince Peter of Greece and of Shri Kamalapur, who entirely disagree as to the Todas' origin. Prince Peter holds it to be Sumerian — on the strength of certain words in their language; Shri Kamalapur holds that they belong to the Dravidian-speaking Munda people. Both these speculations are at variance with those of other scholars.

In *Isis Unveiled* (1877) another origin for the Todas is indicated by H. P. Blavatsky, who hints that they are an order and not a race. And she adds that "the Todas are not the only such mysterious tribe in India."

"Academic Freedom" was the theme of the Ninth International Summer University organized by the United Nations Student Association and World University Service at Crofton Grange, Herts., England, for August 2nd-16th. The full scope of World University Service is indicated in its *Programme of Action, 1958*, but the March number of *WUS in Action*, published from Geneva Headquarters, gives an impressive glimpse of current activities in more detail — a new Hungarian Student Library, Vienna; grants in various European countries to Hungarian refugee students and teachers; the African Medical Scholarships Trust Fund and the publication of its first News Letter; Seminars for foreign students in various countries, to foster mutual understanding; a Braille Library project for the Netherlands; Treasure-Van Tours for the sale of handicrafts from countries where they are still a living tradition; housing unit for the School of Agriculture at Rechovot, Israel, the publication of Hebrew textbooks, etc., at low cost; Canadian University scholarships for foreign students; a T.B. ward at a Korean student sanatorium; the distribution of food and medical treatment for students; emergency relief to schools affected by the Ceylon floods; a project of hospital wards for students in India and Pakistan, donations to University Libraries in these countries; the organization of evening classes for "working" students in Vietnam; finally, study projects in U.K. Universities in preparation for UNESCO's Major Project "The Mutual Appreciation of Eastern and Western Cultural Values."

Another thought-provoking theme for a general W.U.S. Symposium planned is "The University Today — Its Role and Place in Society." It raises such perennial and essential questions as "Should the principal function of university education be professional training or the

development of the whole man?" "Should the task of the University include, beyond teaching and research in various disciplines, a search for the unity of knowledge?"

This panorama of "mutual assistance" offers an antidote to the nightmare picture of civilization that emerges in the general press, and we must wholeheartedly admire it. Yet it is a pity that the earlier, more informal magazine of the movement had to cease publication some years ago. For, though reports of its activities present the intellectual and material framework, something more is needed to "bring through" the heart quality that obviously must energize the individual workers and donors. It is this heart power of expression (not to be confused with emotionalism) that makes "tangible" the living soul of a movement. The latter, like the human being, seeks for "wholeness" of expression. If such a fine movement as World University Service, working in the field of highest potentials among the youth of all races, can show how it infuses into its currents that subtle, not to be measured or tabulated, soul-spark, then it may well prove itself an organization of genius offering material service, intellectual service, soul service — the three in one.

In a lucid presentation of the case for strengthening English in Indian education irrespective of the Indian-language medium of instruction, Shri C. D. Deshmukh, Chairman of the University Grants Commission, has warned the educational authorities that

> the development of our languages and development of our minds will be impossible without extensive and reinforced resort to one of the most advanced languages of the world — English — which opens the door to us to at least two-thirds of the current scientific and technological literature and belles-lettres. The progress made on the frontiers of knowledge will be lost to us unless we keep open and widen and deepen the channels of communication with the more advanced world outside, a world which is, moreover, advancing with breath-taking rapidity.

Shri Deshmukh made this important declaration while inaugurating a conference in Delhi convened by the University Grants Commission to consider the problems of teaching English. Shri Deshmukh also emphasized that one cannot afford to lose sight of the humanistic value of English literature:—

> Frankly, if a choice were given to me, I should prefer to use English exclusively for my own instruction so as to be able to participate in the intellectual life of the world and be able to transmit whatever I have assimilated through the proper idiom of the Indian languages that I know, enriching those Indian languages in the process. I also feel sure that any one who ponders this subject, including the young people for whom we are taking decisions and whose future we are going to affect powerfully thereby, will make a similar choice.

Picturing an imaginary India where chauvinism has banished all foreign languages and only the indigenous have been "developed" with the aid of all sorts of technical and scientific terms, Shri Deshmukh warned:—

> In such a country, the difficulties of communicating with the rest of the world will have been magnified a thousandfold and participation in the common intellectual and scientific life of the world would have been reduced almost to nil. Although I yield to none in the appreciation of the quality of the mind of the people of this country as compared with those in any other country, I shudder to think what would happen to us as a result of this kind of intellectual isolation. In a sense, it will be the repetition of our history, but on a more painful scale, until finally, as in the past, the high pressure intellectual areas of the world, to use a meteorological metaphor, will erupt violently into the low pressure intellectual areas of our country. What I am driving at is that our primary concern should be not with the means of communication but with the substance communicated.

The number of leaders and patriots who are supporting India's retention of English is growing. Sir Mirza Ismail, Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar, General Cariappa and Shri C. Rajagopalachari are liberal-minded men of insight, and neg-

lect of the advice they offer will prove perilous to the country.

The study of the supply of and demand for teachers, recently undertaken by the Manpower Division of the Directorate of Employment Exchanges, reveals a considerable shortage of high-school teachers throughout the country and the fact that 53 per cent of the applicants for teaching posts are untrained. This is a measure of the excessive optimism of the authorities in the last decade, who, contemplating a rapid expansion of schools and colleges, had not paid adequate attention to such practical difficulties as the cost entailed or the training of teachers to meet the growing demands of the country. Mere expansion without quality has not only caused considerable wastage but also has probably contributed to student indiscipline in educational Institutions. Teaching by untrained and ill-equipped persons, turning to the school merely to relieve the stress of unemployment, may well have done more harm than good.

It is a sad commentary on the respect which this noble profession of teaching commands from the young men of the land when one is informed by the sample survey that

> out of 8.86 lakh persons seeking employment assistance through the Exchanges at the end of November last, about 34,000, *i.e.*, 3.8 per cent were registered for the job of teachers.

Yet another fact brought out by the report is that

> not a single M.A. or M.Sc., B.Com. or F.Sc., with a first class degree was registered at the Delhi Employment Exchange as a teacher.

What is needed today seems to be a "teach-the-teacher movement." If the educational system in the country is to be improved, the urgent need is not only for the building of more schools but for staffing even the existing schools with better qualified teachers and offering better scales of pay to enable them to stick to this noble profession; for experience has proved that cheap education is worse than no education.

It is welcome news that two Bills seeking to abolish the dowry system were introduced in the Lok Sabha by Shrimati Renu Chakravarty and Shri Mohan Swarup. According to the Press Trust of India:—

> Both the Bills permit voluntary marriage gifts such as ornaments or dresses to the brides or bridegrooms. Mrs. Chakravarty's Bill restricts the value of such gifts to Rs. 300, while Mr. Swarup's to Rs. 1000.

Whatever might have been the circumstances in the past when the system of dowry was introduced, it is now impossible to argue in favour of a system which is an unmitigated evil. For the last many years social reformers have urged that the system of demanding a payment of money as a condition for getting a daughter married should be ended. But the evil continues, bringing in its wake much humiliation in the life of our daughters and suffering to their parents. Surely, in free India such practices should be forbidden both by legislation and by force of public opinion. As Shrimati Chakravarty points out in her explanatory note, her Bill

> would ensure the dignity, equality and independence of women, mitigate the hardships of parents to get their daughters married, guarantee free and equal choice in marriage and ensure that neither of the contracting parties are subjected to humiliation or their self-respect degraded.

Her Bill provides

> that any person who takes dowry or abets the taking of dowry shall be punishable with imprisonment which may extend to one year or a fine extending to the value of the dowry taken or with both. Those who give dowry or abet its giving shall also be punishable with simple imprisonment which may extend to six months or with fine extending to Rs. 1000 or both. A person who demands dowry after the wedding will also be punishable with imprisonment or fine.

The Hindu Code Bill, which was in-

tended to introduce this urgent reform, could not be passed in its original form. During the last Parliament, two private members, Shrimati Uma Nehru and Shrimati Renu Chakravarty, introduced their Bills against dowry but both were withdrawn on the assurance of the then Law Minister that an official Bill would soon be introduced in Parliament with the same aims in view. It is now more than a year since the new Parliament was elected, but no steps seem to have been taken in this direction. Shrimati Renu Chakravarty, undaunted, has come forward again with her Bill to crush this evil.

The National Federation of Indian Women has rightly called for an India-wide campaign against the dowry system. Marriage should not be an instrument of profit and every well-considered effort to get rid of an evil which leads to the impoverishment of the parents should get general support. Educated persons should be trained not to accept any dowry and the acceptance of a dowry should meet with general disapprobation. Educating the public opinion is necessary for legislation to succeed.

A new jail is to be opened in Delhi shortly. According to the *Hindustan Times*

the new jail, situated on Najafgarh Road, occupies an area bigger than Daryaganj, and Rs. 82 lakhs, almost equal to what was spent on Vigyan Bhavan, has been spent in its construction. In planning and building the new jail the primary object has been how to reclaim the prisoner and make him realize the evil results of crime. Modern ideas and suggestions, including those from U.N. experts, have been adopted to make it a model jail.

It is now recognized by almost all Governments that man is not born a sinner or a criminal but that he becomes such owing in part to his environment. Circumstances have in many cases helped create certain mental conditions and urges, resulting in the commission of one or more anti-social offences. The new outlook has been responsible for several reforms; this New Delhi jail has for its aim "to humanize the imprisonment to make an offender feel he has been sent to jail *as* punishment and not *for* punishment."

Although the complete eradication of crime from the world may not be attainable in our dark age and civilization, society must continue its attempt to eliminate the economic and social evils which engender frustration and bitterness and so contribute to crime. The attitude partly responsible for the commission of the offence should be changed; and we are glad that prisoners in this model jail are to be so placed that they may learn right ways of overcoming the sense of frustration.

The prisoner will have an opportunity to work either at the jail's 60-acre farm or at its workshops offering such vocations as printing, spinning, carpentry, tailoring, and soap making. While the farm's yield will be utilized in the jail's four kitchens, the workshops' products will be sold to various Government organizations. The prisoners will also qualify for an extra wage for putting in more than the allotted work. Wages thus earned can be partly utilized at the jail's canteen. The remaining amount can be collected at the time of release.

Further, the craft learnt and the physical work done in this corrective institution is bound to result in the mental satisfaction of learning the pleasures of labour. This should in itself have a tonic effect, besides fitting the prisoners to take their place as useful citizens after their release. The report points out that some provision has been made for their rehabilitation:—

After the release, a prisoner will be allowed to stay in a separate building for 15 or 20 days to enable him to look for some employment. The jail authorities will also help him in his rehabilitation.

That Day I Felt I Had Served A Mission

I am a doctor in a rural dispensary. I can never forget the day Gopal's only son took ill. His trouble was serious and my equipment limited. Thank God, however, the boy got well. That day the grateful Gopal knew what it meant to have a doctor within easy reach. I talked to him about our other less fortunate brethren whose need for hospitals was no less pressing. I told him how their savings could save more lives. It was a pleasant surprise, nevertheless, when he brought me a potful of coins that evening and requested me to get him NATIONAL PLAN SAVINGS CERTIFICATES. That day I felt I had served a mission.

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